

Rising Castle,

WITH

Other Poems.

BY

GEORGE GOODWIN.

of Lynn.



LYNN:

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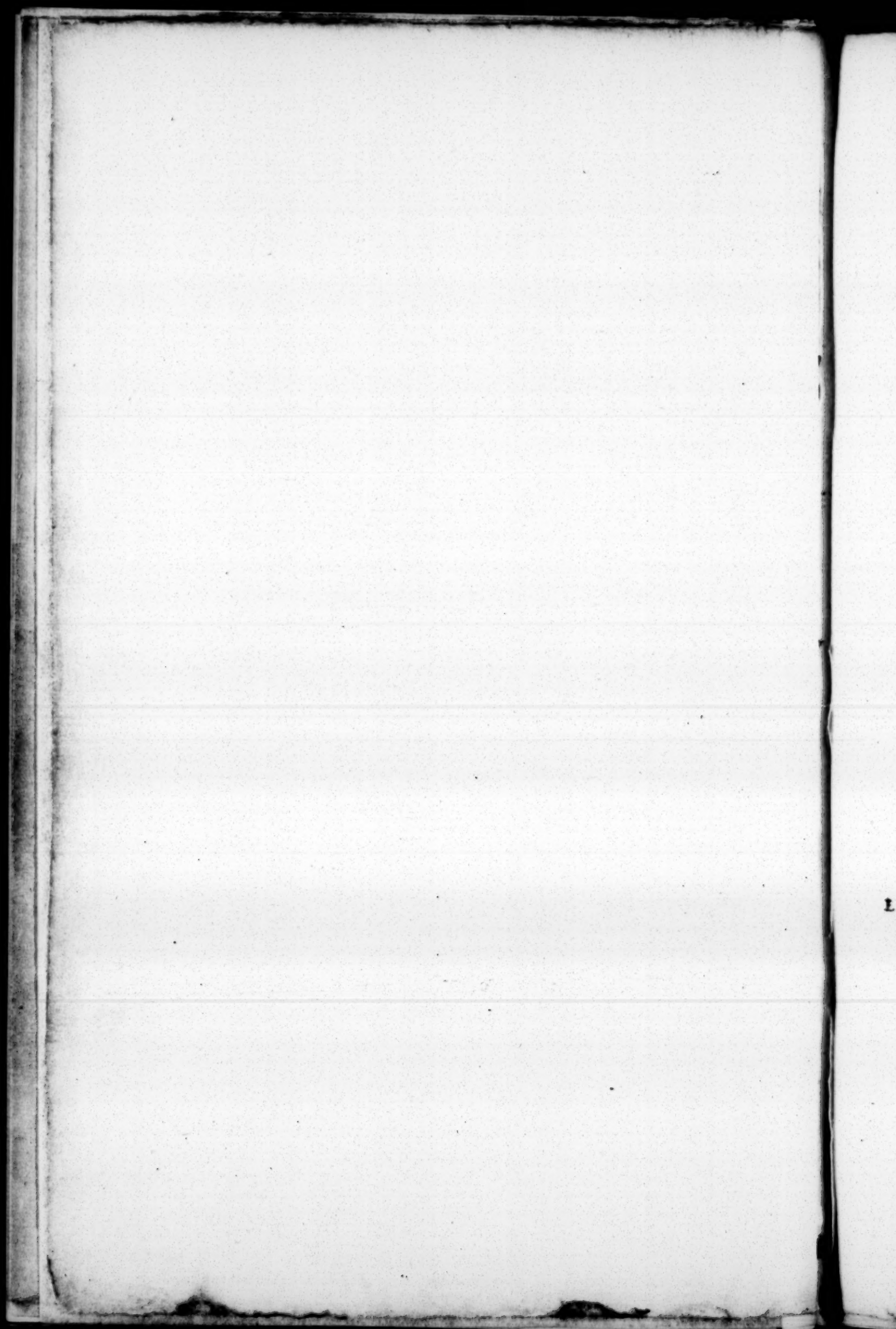
1798.

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IT was at first, the Author's intention to have published the Poem, entitled " Rising Castle" by itself, but after its completion, finding it too small for a separate publication, he was induced to add other Pieces, which have contributed to form the present Volume.

In avowing they were written at, and under the age of nineteen years, it is not his desire, to screen himself from the lash of liberal and impartial Criticism, but to inform the Public; hoping that such information, will induce them to make some allowance, for the irregularity of Ideas, natural to the Imagination of Youth, immatured by experience.



TO

RICHARD HOWARD, ESQ.

OF

ASHTEAD HALL, SURREY,

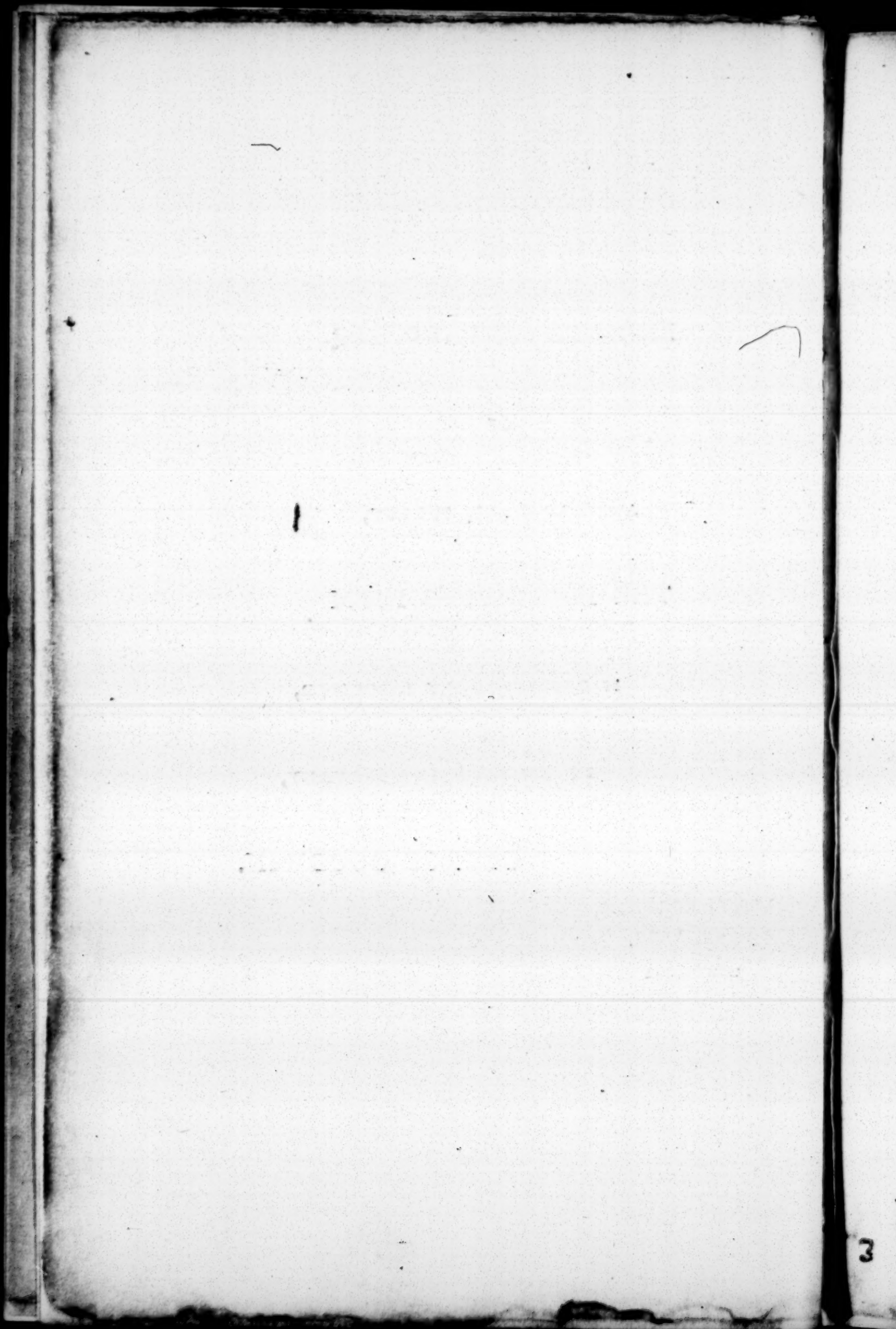
THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,

GEORGE GOODWIN.

LYNN, NORFOLK,
JUNE, 1798.



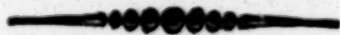
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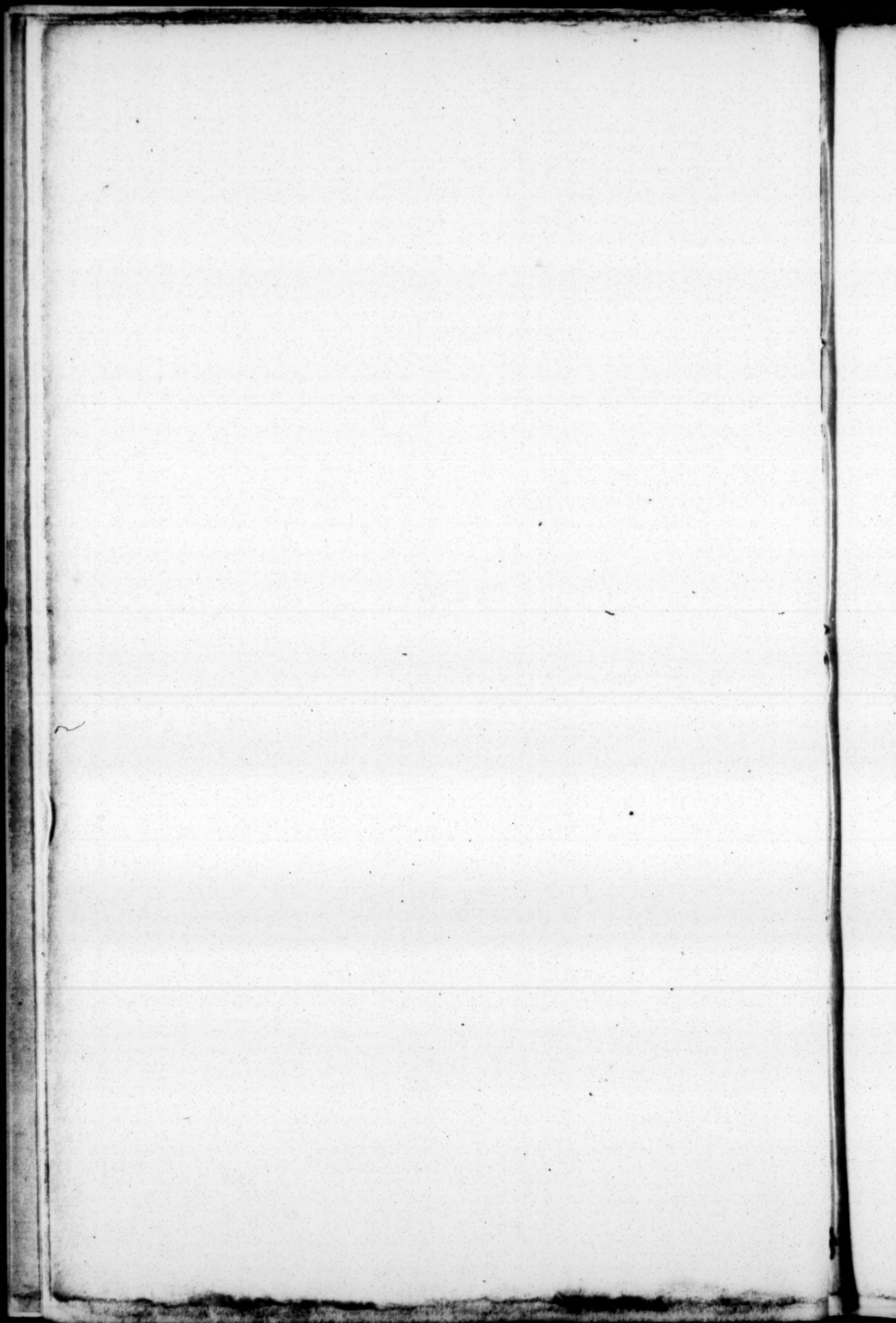
RISING CASTLE,

A POEM.



Tempus edax rerum.

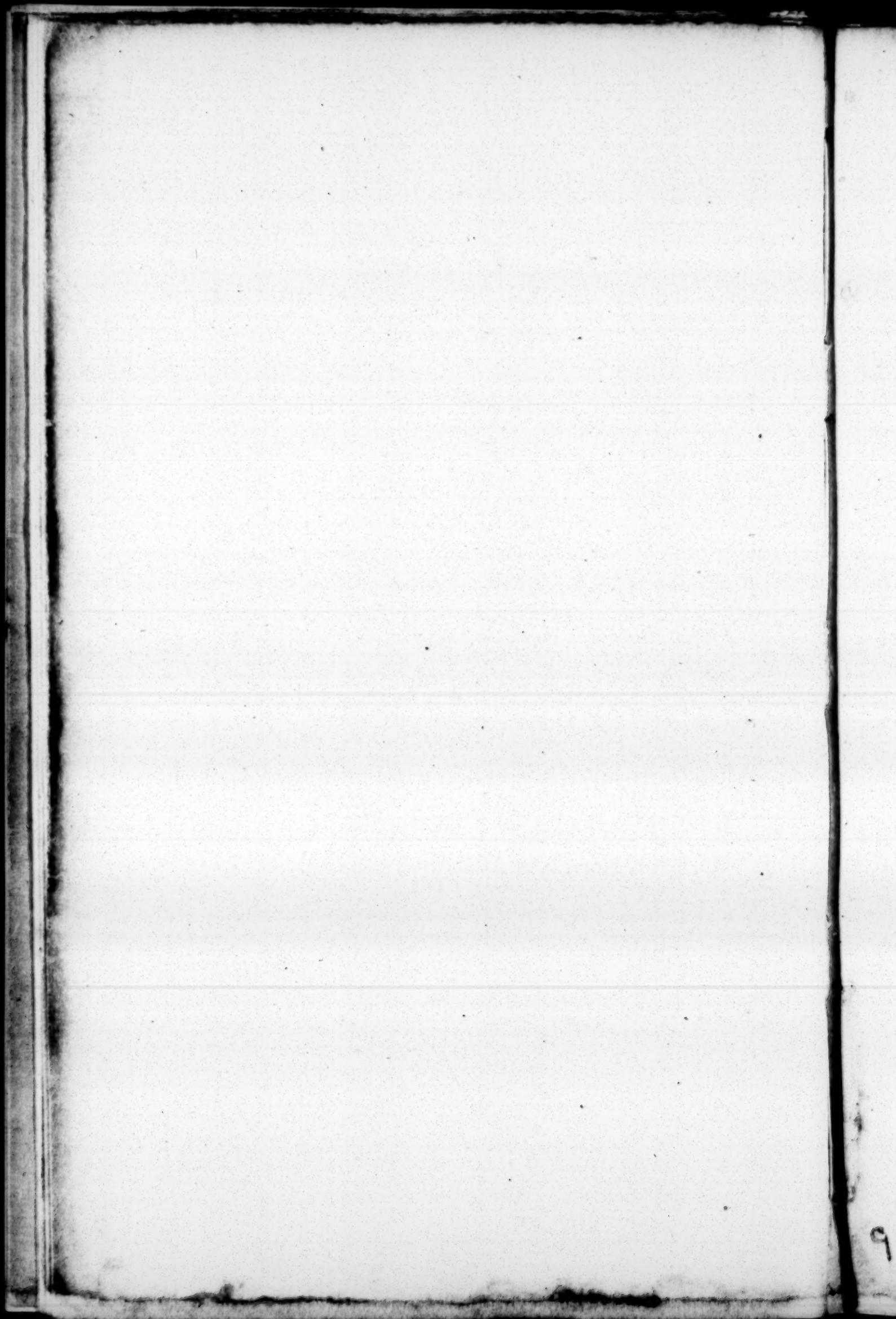
HORACE.



Introductory Sonnet.



HIGH on a hill, an ANCIENT CASTLE rears
Its mouldering remnants, and the ivy green,
Oft wildly nodding to the gale, is seen
From the tall battlements.—Below appears
A pleasant village, and the woodman's cot
Peeps thro' the elm trees on the ambient plain
Where wanders many a brook. The azure main
On one side sparkling in the sun's bright ray,
Attracts the traveller's eye. 'Twas once the lot
Of ISABEL, to pass the lingering day
Within the castle, and lament her doom.
THERE oft the shouts of merriment were heard;
But loudly shrieking *now* the gloomy bird,
Wings her swift passage thro' each empty room.



Argument.

INVOCATION to FANCY——address to TIME——
distant appearance of the CASTLE——Evening——
the Woodman——Children playing——ascent up
the hill——surrounding scenery——arrival at the
Castle——Its decayed condition——former scenes
——the Minstrel——Sir AUDRED and GUNILDA,
a Tale——Queen ISABEL——EDWARD the Third
——the Poem concludes with reflections on the
Vanity of SUBLUNARY GRANDEUR.

Right sung the Bard, that all-involving age,
With hand impartial, deals the ruthless blow,
That war, wide-wasting with impetuous rage,
Lays the tall spire, and sky-crown'd turret low.

LANGHORNE.

RISING CASTLE.



COME ! FANCY come ! expand thy golden wings,
And bear thy Suppliant to the realms of night ;
Where beggars moulder with once mighty kings,
And worms on princes, banquet with delight.
Where sleep the warriors, who resistless hurl'd
The gleaming falchion and the blood-ting'd spear,
And where repose, the heroes of the world,
Once fam'd, and glorious, in this nether sphere.

Come ! Fancy, bear me from this care-fraught vale,
 For such wild phantasies to thee belong ;
 O grant thy favour to a mortal frail,
 And with thy influence, aid his early song.

All-conquering Monarch ! first to thee I sing,
 Old TIME ! how potent is thy lordly sway,
 How swift thou fliest, O rapacious king,
 Nor wealth nor princes can prolong thy stay.
 Thou lov'st to feast thee on the falling tower,
 And well thou lovest its decay to see ;
 All—all—must yield, to thy despotic power,
 All works sublunar, must give way to thee.
 To thee all bow,—insatiate tyrant, all
 Or soon, or late, thy influence must feel,
 The lofty turret, and cemented wall,
 Must bend,—tho' solid as the lucent steel.

Mark ! yon old Castle on the rising hill,
 Whose light-grey ruins catch my roving eye,
 Whose fading walls, with awe my bosom fill,
 And cause the murmur of a deep-drawn sigh.

Tis meet, that thither I should bend my way,
 Far, far, retired from the hum of man,
 To mark the beauties of the closing day,
 And hoary Time's progressive strides to scan.

He conquers all ! yon tott'ring fragments reel,
 Beneath the burthen of his iron reign ;
 He conquers all ! yon crumbling remnants feel,
 'Tis vain to scorn him,—to defy him vain.

No spires burnish'd by the sun's last beam,
 Attract far-off, the wandering pilgrim's sight ;
 Nor thro' the windows doth the taper's gleam,
 Cheer the lorn traveller with its twinkling light.

No clock deep-sounding swells the buoyant gale,
Or at dim evening, or at early morn ;
Not *now* its murmurs floating thro' the vale,
Rouse the poor vassal at the misty dawn.
Fall'n ! are the spires that did erst appear,
Above the summits of yon waving trees ;
Fallen ! the turrets, which for many a year,
Woo'd the soft kisses of the mollient breeze.

Now fades the splendour of the god of day,
As swift he journies to the western main ;
And the mild lustre of each parting ray,
With purple tinges the pelucid plain.
Now o'er yon marsh, the mists of evening fly,
And the green raiment of the meadows hide ;
Scarce can the traveller, far-off descry,
The cattle ranging o'er the green-hills wide.

Pale streaks of gold, adorn the varied sky,
And faint, and fainter, grows the sun's last beam ;
The woods, the fields assume a sombre dye,
And the mist rises from the mazy stream.

I love to see, the grey-smoke curling o'er,
The shadowing valley, or the village green,
The wheel revolving at the cottage door,
Where all is happiness, and peace serene.

I love to wander at the close of day,
The harmless pleasures of the cot to mark,
To hear sad PHILOMEL's desponding lay,
Or, the wild quavers of the soaring lark.

Such scenes of nature, my young bosom cheer,
More than the music of Italian throats ;
Who with *such* numbers can delight mine ear,
Say,—who can warble more melodious notes ?

Behold yon woodman hastening o'er the stile,
And bent beneath the burthen of his load,
Carroling gay, and cheerful, to beguile,
The length and roughness, of the oft pac'd road.
Ask him the history of yon Castle old,
Who liv'd, who perish'd or in age, or bloom ;
The tale he tells, to him, by parents told,
Long since the tenants of the silent tomb.
Then passing onward, careless seeks his cot,
Th' abode of peace, of happiness, and health ;
There, dwells contented with his humble lot,
Ne'er sighs for honour, ne'er desires wealth.

And see ! yon happy inoffensive race,
Full wildly sporting, innocent, and fair ;
The bloom of health, adorns each smiling face,
Free from the frowns, of sorrow, and despair.

Blest state of innocence when, ever gay,

Nor grief, nor misery the bosom pain ;

When glides serenely each revolving day,

As the fair vessel o'er the tranquil main.

Sport on ye little ones, devoid of strife,

No vain intruder seeks your joys to end ;

May peace conduct ye thro' the vale of life,

May ye ne'er want the solace of a friend.

Now at the village all is calm, and still,

Save the mild numbers of the milkmaid's song,

'Tis mine to wander up this verdant hill,

And pluck wild flowrets as I pass along.

For flowrets fair, and fragrant herbs delight,

To bloom beneath the elm-tree's friendly shade ;

Here oft is seen, the yellow primrose bright,

And the meek lily in white garb array'd.

And I mark often, as along I climb,
The blue-eyed violet, and the wild-rose fair,
Commingling sweetly with the purple thyme,
Fling their wild fragrance on the quivering air.

Now the green summit of the hill I gain,
What varied beauties charm my ranging eye ;
The sun low sinking in yon azure plain,
With faint hues tinges the cloud-chequered sky ;
Yon wood wild-waving to the evening breeze,
Where many a warbler doth delight to dwell ;
The spire glittering mid the green-rob'd trees,
That deck the bosom of yon far-seen dell.
Sweet scenes of nature ! how ye glad my sight,
What calm sensations fill my youthful breast ;
While bright-eyed FANCY, wings her soaring flight,
To HIM, who rules the regions of the blest.

Nor undelightful is it here to mark,
The streamlet flowing thro' the meadows gay ;
Or the swift motion of the stately bark,
Serenely gliding o'er its onward way.
Breathe ! gently breathe ! ye spirits of the gale,
As on soft pennons o'er the waves ye sport ;
With breath emollient, swell each dusky sail,
And waft the vessel to the wish'd-for port.
Soon shall the mariner with pleasure view,
The well known spire often mark'd before,
Soon clasp his consort, or his sweetheart true,
And skip delighted on his native shore.

Where *now* in peace, the lowing cattle feed,
Or gaily wanton o'er the fields so fair ;
Where *now* green vesture cloaths each verdant mead,
And the dull cow-boy whistles void of care.

Erst, the sea foaming, roll'd its billows white,
What time yon castle held a faithless queen ;
And where yon sheep gay browsing charm the sight,
Fair vessels glided o'er the waves serene.
But turn my Muse to yon dark crumbling walls,
And sing the ravage of despotic Time ;
Mark ! each old fragment as from high it falls,
Proclaims a lesson awful and sublime.

Weak are the works of mortals, and of art,
How soon they yield to time's all-conquering power ;
Yet man, new projects will for ever start,
Man the gay insect of a sunny hour.
How silent all ! where oft in former days,
Were heard the shouts of revelry and joy,
Where hoary minstrels sang heroic lays,
Or the mild transports of the laughing boy.

How silent all ! where once the choral band,
 Attuned their wild-harps to the mazy dance ;
 Where fought the warrior or with sword in hand,*
 Or hurl'd with fury the air-cutting lance.

Here oft the fair-one, rolled the melting eye,
 And touch'd the lute with fascinating grace ;
 At tales of sorrow, heav'd the frequent sigh,
 While gems of pity, deck'd her lovely face.
 Or oft reclin'd in melancholy mood,
 Her cheek fair-blooming on her snow-white arm ;
 While love's mild passion wou'd anon intrude,
 And fill her conscious bosom with alarm.
 Where now is fled the blushing rose's bloom,
 That once commingled with the lily white ;—
 Long since 'tis wither'd in the dusky tomb,—
 Dim'd is the lustre of the eye, once bright.

* Alluding to tournaments.

Ah ! where rich tapestry appeared full grand,
Recording deeds illustrious and great,
Of heroes wandering in a distant land,
Or nobly yielding to the shafts of fate ;
Now hoarsely bending to the mournful gale,
Wave the old branches of the ivy green ;
And slowly creeping winds the slimy snail,
Where costly ornaments of art were seen.
The owl shrill-screaming builds her downy nest,
And flutters loudly thro' the empty room,
Where EDWARD sought invigorating rest,
Long since devoted to the tranquil tomb.

FANCY pourtrays the long-extended hall,
And windows tinged with transparent dye ;
While armours pendant from the high-rais'd wall,
Flash with irradiance on my roving eye.

I mark the helmet with its plume so white,
Full warlike nodding to the frequent gale ;
The pondrous shield with studded gold bedight,
And the rich lustre of the chequer'd mail.
I mark the jazuant and the pavache strong,
'Gainst which the arrow often struck in vain ;
The massive mace, the greeves, and javelin long,
Oft hurl'd resistless o'er th' embattled plain.

And hark ! the horn deep-sounding strikes mine ear,
The chace is finish'd, and the evening late ;
Its mellow murmurs tell the lord is near,
And harshly echoes the unwieldy gate.
Now in the hall the tapers sparkle bright,
And fling their lustre on the ambient air ;
While many a lord and many a noble knight,
Hold pleasant converse with the ladies fair,

Anon ! the feast begins—with bustling sounds
The noisy vassals costly viands bring,
The ponderous table with good cheer abounds,
And buzzing murmurs thro' the old hall ring.

Swiftly around the golden goblets fly,
The potent malmsey drives away despair ;
While joy bright beaming in each sparkling eye,
Proclaims no bosom feels the shafts of care.
Thus cries the lord, “ since now the chace is o'er,
“ Let it be ours this night in mirth to spend,
“ Till young Aurora opes the eastern door ;
“ Haste vassals ! hither, the old minstrel send.”
The harper comes ; elate with glowing fire,
His aged fingers sweep the strings along ;
Then humbly bowing strikes his deep-ton'd lyre,
And young-eyed FANCY thus records the song.

“ Bright o’er the mountains rose the new-born day,
“ The sun beams glitter’d on the dew-clad thorn,
“ And many a warbler pour’d his sweetest lay,
“ To greet the beauty of the grey-eyed morn.

“ When bold Sir AUDRED clad in burnish’d arms,
“ With martial grace bestrode his palfrey white;
“ Then bid adieu to fair GUNILDA’s charms,
“ And soon his castle vanish’d from his sight.

“ O’er hill, thro’ valley bold Sir AUDRED speeds,
“ To where at anchor rode the vessels gay ;
“ In colours bright he paints his future deeds,
“ And thinks to flourish in the minstrel’s lay.

“ For souls expanded with the love of fame,
“ On soaring wings to noble acts aspire ;

“ While Fancy adds fresh fuel to the flame,

“ And *future* glory fans the kindling fire.

“ Sir AUDRED long'd to hurl in Gallia's field,

“ The missive javelin and the death-frought spear,

“ Or his good falchion ting'd with blood to wield,

“ With fame inspir'd, and devoid of fear.

“ Six moons had pass'd since fair GUNILDA gave,

“ Her faithful heart to ease Sir AUDRED's pain ;

“ Twelve moons before her sire had sought the grave,

“ And left his daughter many a rich domain.

“ Oft times she hies her to the lofty tower,

“ Elate with hope her lord is hastening home ;

“ Or wanders thro' the suckling-mantled bower,

“ Where late, at evening they were wont to roam.

" All day she weeps,—her damsels strive in vain,
 " To ease her sorrow, and heart-withering grief;
 " Loud sound the harps and loud the minstrel's strain,
 " But harps nor minstrel's song can give relief.

" Ladies and lords perchance ye may have seen,
 " A tender lily droop with evening dew,
 " In shady forest, or in valley green;
 " So seem'd GUNILDA to her damsels view.

" High on a rock Sir AUDRED's castle stood,
 " And frown'd majestic o'er the azure main;
 " Behind t'was shaded by an ancient wood,
 " That wav'd its branches o'er a fair domain.

" When dew-wing'd evening ting'd the world with
 grey,
 " Oft wou'd GUNILDA pace the shore along;

“ To mark the glimmering of departing day,
“ Or to the hoarse-waves pour her plaintive song.

“ Twelve moons had fled, since first to Gallia's plain,
“ Her sole protector gaily bent his way ;
“ Since then, her bosom felt the shafts of pain,
“ And much she marvelled at his long delay.

“ One morn the lightning gilds the dusky sky,
“ And peals of thunder shake the castle walls ;
“ The frightned peasants to their hamlets fly,
“ And the chill cattle trembling seek their stalls.

“ The hail-stones rattle 'gainst the casements wide,
“ The rain descends in torrents from each cloud ;
“ Full many a wreck bestrews the ruffled tide,
“ And shrieks of mariners re-echo loud.

“ Anon the storm abates,—the eve is fair,
“ The fire-wing’d tempest howls around no more ;
“ GUNILDA hies to catch the fragrant air,
“ And sighing wanders to the wave-worn shore.

“ Calm is the sea, and o’er its silvery breast,
“ The zephyrs gliding on their pinions play ;
“ The noisy seamew seeks her distant nest,
“ And sweeps the green-wave as she wings her way.

“ GUNILDA walks the sandy beach along,
“ And for her lord, pours forth the fervent prayer,
“ Then strikes her lute, and sings a plaintive song,
“ To ease her bosom of its wonted care.

“ A while she stops—to hear the billows roar,
“ As the broad beach they melancholy lave ;

“ When lo ! approaches to the pebly shore

“ A body floating on the buoyant wave.

“ She moves unconscious to th’ ill-fated place,

“ Where the dark waves the lifeless body threw ;

“ Cold turns her blood and o’er her lovely face,

“ A deadly paleness spreads its livid hue.

“ Oh God !—what horror chills her panting heart,

“ When she beholds her dead lord on the shore ;

“ Awake ! awake !” she cries “ my soul’s best part.”

“ The corpse then wildly clasping—rose no more !

“ Now on the beach is seen their silent grave,

“ O’er which the cypress bends its foliage dark ;

“ And near their dwelling moans the pitying wave,

“ While o’er its surface glides the stately bark.

“ The neighbouring rustics with assiduous care,
“ Bestrew wild flowrets o’er their moss-fring’d tomb;
“ The hardy mariner oft drops a tear,
“ And sighing, ponders on their luckless doom !”

How chang’d the scene ! where once the harpers song,
Re-echo’d loudly thro’ the lofty hall,
Moans the chill night-blast as it glides among,
The ivy waving from the time-torn wall.
Mute is the minstrel now ! ah mute his lay !
His hands no longer sweep the tuneful lyre ;
He never more shall sing the night away,
Or swell the soul with animating fire.
No fire now throws its cheerful warmth around,
As erst it did, full many a winter’s night ;
No youthful dancers beat the hollow ground,
No waxen tapers shed their lustre bright.

The dusky owl, shoots swiftly thro' yon room,
And loudly screaming wings her darksome way ;
Where once a queen deplor'd her luckless doom,
And sigh'd unheeded all the lingering day.
Not then for ISABEL, did the wild-rose fling,
Its balmy fragrance on the summer gale,
For her, nor ever, did the sweets of spring,
Bloom with luxuriance in the yellow vale.
For her the sun, with emanating ray,
Ne'er smiled beauteous, from the azure sky ;
Nor did the fields, their varied herbs display.
Or clad with flowers greet her pearly eye.

Nor was it hers, to wander when the dawn,
First peep'd refulgent o'er the mountain's height ;
Or mark the dew-drops on the waving thorn,
Irradiant glitter in the sun-beams bright.

She sigh'd in vain, to see on soaring wing,
 The speckled skylark pour his matin lay ;
 She sigh'd in vain, to hear the blackbird sing,
 Her plaintive wild-hymn to departing day.
 Lonesome, and sad, she spent each gliding hour,
 A prey to conscience, and corroding care ;
 Doom'd, justly doom'd, to feel pale sorrow's pow'r,
 And the keen torments of the fiend despair.

Here, once a monarch with his courtly train,
 Quaff'd sparkling malmsey in capacious bowls,
 While deeds recorded in the minstrel's strain,
 Oft rais'd to rapture their expanded souls.
 Here, once the song of flattery was rais'd,
 (Oftimes full grateful to a monarch's ear)
 And EDWARD's prowess, and his acts, were prais'd,
 While shouts of pleasure rent the lucid air.

Where is the monarch *now*, ah ! where his train,
 Who quaff'd rich malmsey in their golden bowls ?
 Where is the minstrel, whose heroic strain,
Once rais'd to rapture, their aspiring souls ?

Gone are they all ! nor wealth, nor fame, can save,
 From death's despotic power the rich, or great ;
 The tyrant lays e'en princes in the grave,
 With all their gorgeous pageantry of state.
 Yet to *their* memory is rais'd on high,
 The sculptur'd pillar, or the marble bust,
 And proud inscriptions catch the awe-struck eye,
 Rear'd o'er the relics of unconscious dust.
 But busts nor columns mark the lowly spot,
 Where sleep the HUMBLE, haply once possess'd
 Of greater virtues (tho' so mean their lot)
 Than KINGS, by minions flatter'd and caress'd.

No more, the golden chalice shall go round,
Nor sparkling wines the hero's soul inspire;
No more the songs of merriment shall sound,
Nor the sweet music of the hand-swept lyre.

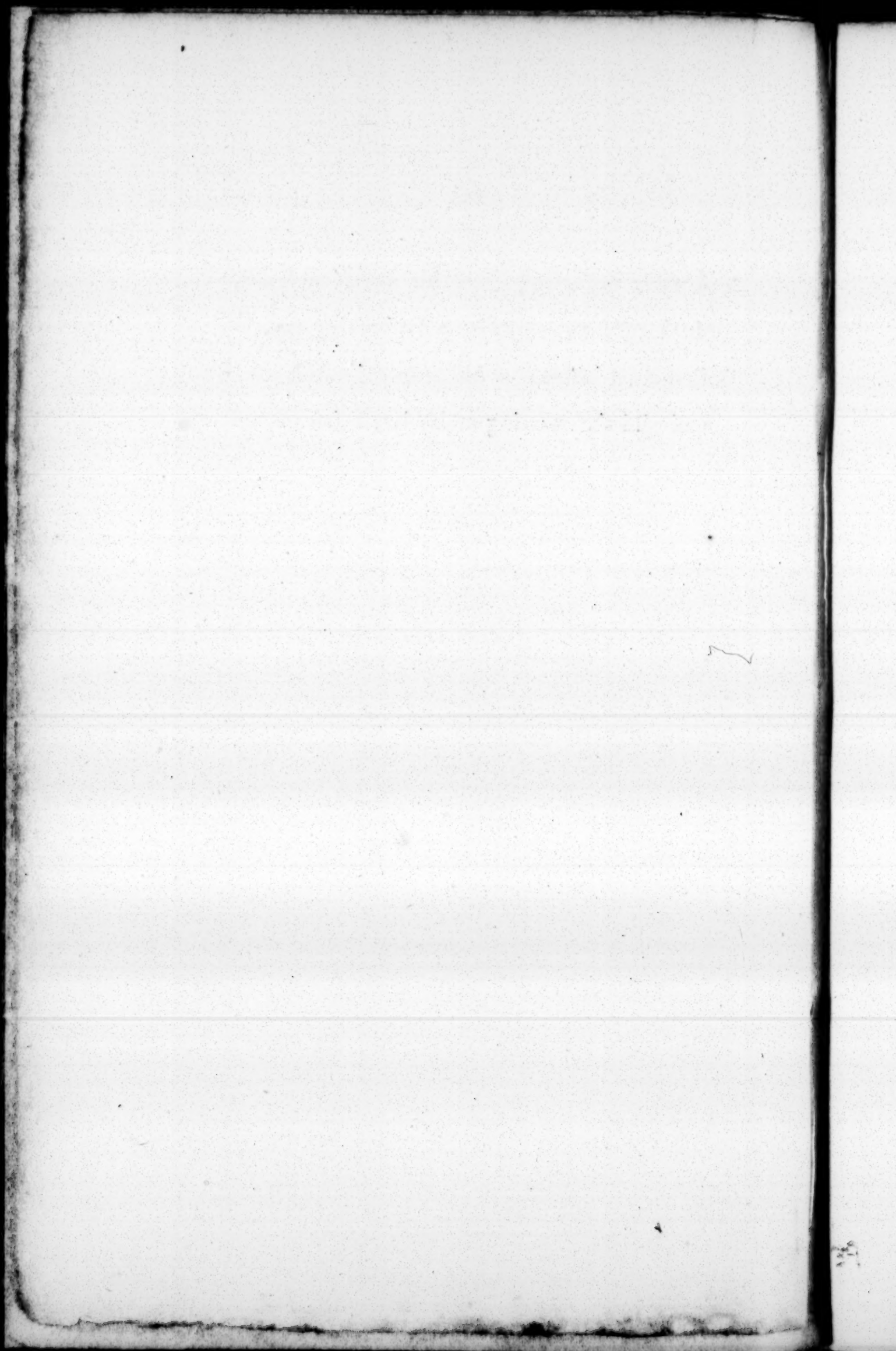
Alas! those scenes of revelry are o'er,
For yon old fragments moulder and decay;
Yon walls the captive shall contain no more,
For now they mingle with their native clay.
Thus may we see the end, of things on earth,
Of honour, riches, and aspiring fame;
Here may the NOBLE learn, that pride of birth,
Is but a phantom with delusive name.

Time conquers all! in vain the castle proud,
Rears its high turrets to the vaulted sky;
In vain it towers to each fleecy cloud,
That glides majestic as it rolls on high.

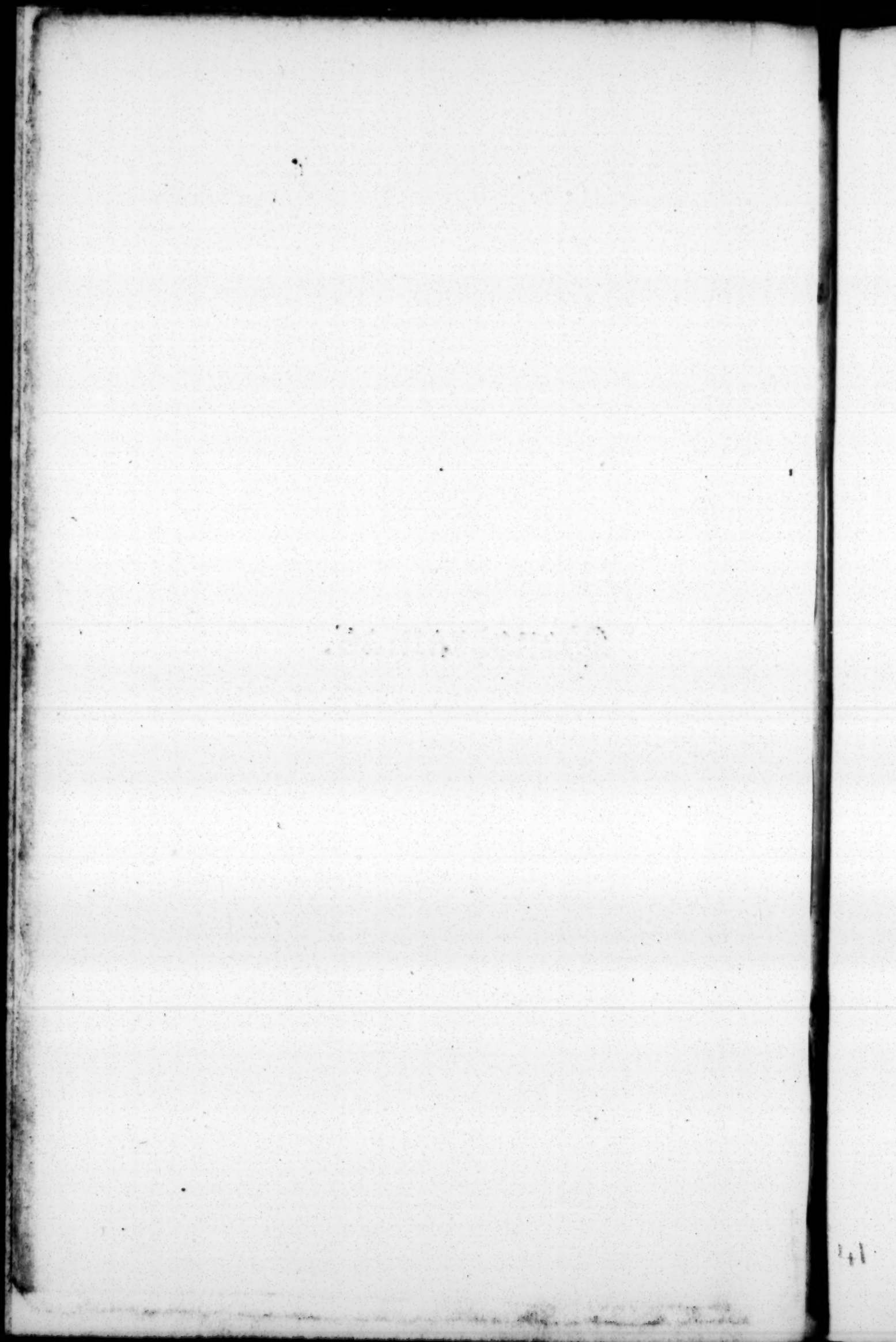
Yet fain wou'd mortals more than men appear,
 Tho' hastening nearer to the grave each hour ;
 But nought avails it in this nether sphere,
 To flaunt of riches or extent of power,
 Since soon the season of man's life is o'er,
 His fleeting summer swiftly glides away ;
 And winter blights the flower,—to bloom no more,
 Until it blossoms in a purer clay.

Happy the man who leaves the busy throng,
 And woos SECLUSION in the tranquil dell ;
 Awaken'd early by the lark's shrill song,
 And warn'd to rest him by the sheep-cote bell.
 CONTENT, will love to sojourn in the vale,
 And ramble with him o'er the dasied green ;
 Nor grief, nor Misery will his breast assail,
 PEACE will be his, and HAPPINESS serene.

And when departing from this world, resign'd,
Meek-ey'd RELIGION's ever-cheering ray,
Shall cast its lustre o'er his peaceful mind,
And gild the evening of his latest day.



Monodramas.



TO
THE REVEREND STEPHEN ALLEN,

MINISTER OF ST. MARGARET'S, LYNN,

THE
FOLLOWING JUVENILE EFFORTS,

ARE INSCRIBED,

AS A SMALL TOKEN OF RESPECT,

BY HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,

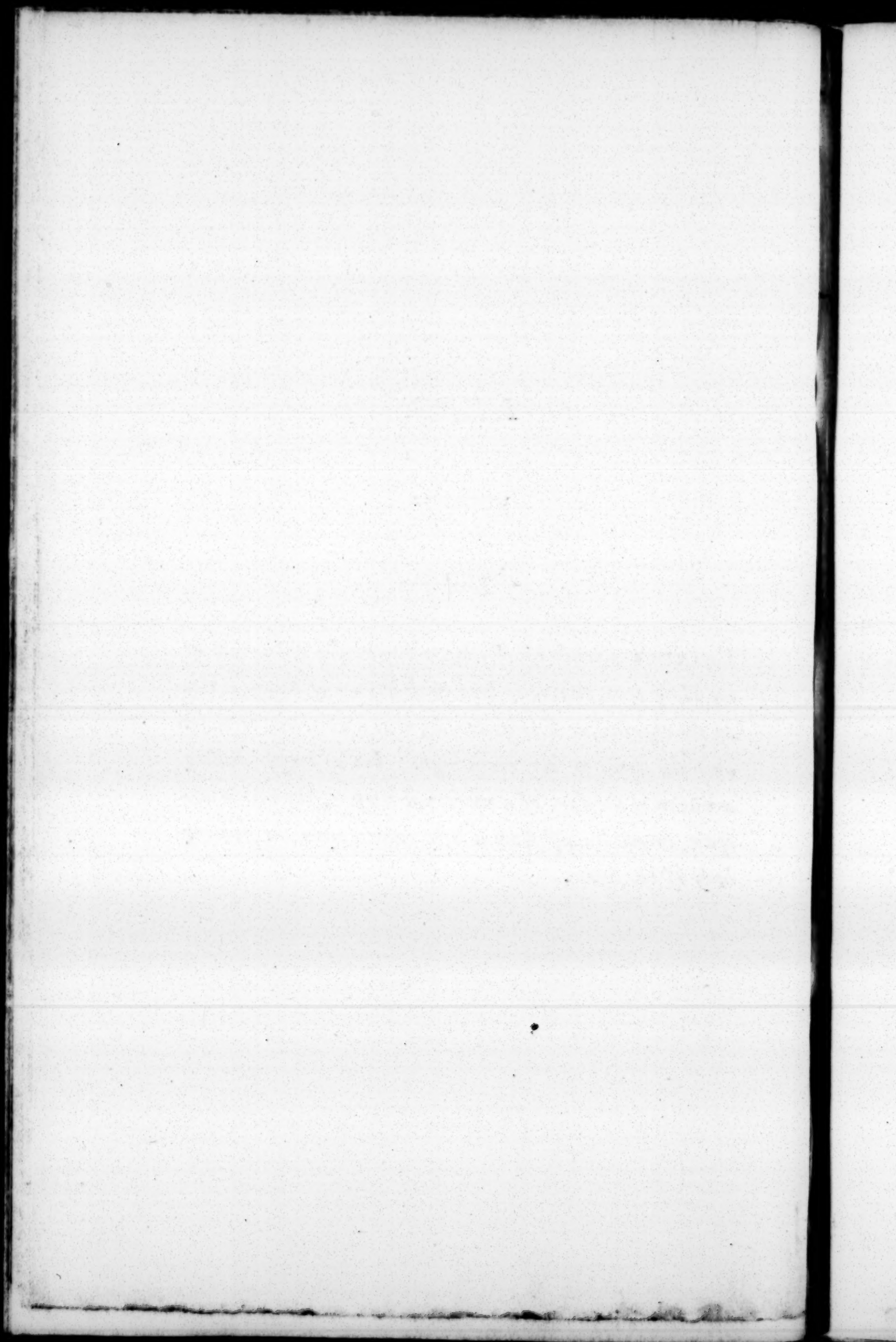
GEORGE GOODWIN,

HERO.



Argument.

LEANDER *a youth of Abydos, a city on the Asian side of the Hellespont, falling in love with HERO of Sestos, a city on the opposite, or European side, was accustomed to swim over the strait to her every night; but at length falling a victim to the fury of a nocturnal tempest, HERO, in despair, threw herself from a lofty tower, upon the floating body of her lover.*



HERO.



SCENE.—*A Tower overhanging the Hellespont.*

TIME.—*The Night.*—*Moon rising.*



* * * * * 'Tis night ;
And eas'd from toil, the wearied peasant sleeps
Devoid of care—but not for *me*, the night
Brings rest invigorating, not for me,
Old Somnus sheds his soporific dew,
Creating calm oblivion.—Tho' the couch
Adorn'd with costly ornaments be mine,

Yet sleep flies from me ;— and the fiend despair
 My soul possessing with his cutting torments,
 Drives me to madness ;—for my love is dead !
 The brave LEANDER floats a livid corpse,
 Beneath this tower ; while o'er his manly face,
 The dark-wave washes, and with plaintive moan
 Plays mid his yellow ringlets.—

Spirit beloved !

How oft at midnight hast thou cleft the waves
 To see thy HERO, and in converse sweet
 Consum'd the fleeting hours,—hours of bliss !
 Wing'd with delight, how soon ye sped your way
 Never,—never to return !

How sweet the love

That souls congenial know ; it drives despair,

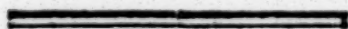
Far from each bosom, and will lull to peace,
 The harsher passions that disturb the soul,
 And agitate the human breast.—Alas !
 I once did feel the sweets of mutual love
 And all its calm enjoyments—but no more
 Shall know its pleasures !—for LEANDER sleeps
 Beneath the curling wave. He ne'er again
 With purest transports shall expand my soul
 Or ease my burthen'd heart. Why should I live
 A prey to sorrow ?—it were better far,
 To seek oblivion in the arms of death,
 Than live a victim to the piercing pangs
 Of misery and despair !—

How oft when night
 Cast o'er the sleeping world her dusky wing

With stars bespangled, did I raise the torch*
 High on the tower, that its vivid rays
 Gilding the surface of the midnight air,
 Might guide thee safely o'er the dusky wave
 To clasp thy HERO.—But no more the torch
 With spreading lustre shall direct thy course—
 For dim, and rayless, is the eye that once
 Caught the love-guiding blaze.

How fair the night.

The languid breezes scarcely agitate
 The silver bosom of the tranquil sea,
 Moaning in melancholy strains.—The moon



* Sic ubi lux acta est,—et noctis amicior hora,
 Exhibuit pulso sidera clara die;
 Protinus in summo vigilantia lumina tecto
 Ponimus, assuetæ signa notamque viæ.

• OVID'S EPIST.

Serenely gliding in the broad expanse,
 Whitens the fisher's sails, and o'er thy groves
 O native Sestos ! casts her placid beams
 With mild irradiance—but the scenes of nature,
 Ease not the ceaseless anguish of my soul,
 Nor can their captivating beauties calm
 The tumult of my breast.—

Sestos adieu !

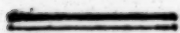
Adieu ye wild-woods, and umbrageous groves,
 Where, oft at evening, it was mine to roam,
 And pour the dulcet lay.—Ye pleasant streams,
 Along whose flowery banks, I wander'd oft
 To catch the spicy breeze,—farewell, alas !
 I ne'er shall wander on thy banks again,
 Nor in the old-wood shadowing o'er thy waves,
 Pour forth the random song.—

I must away.—

For o'er yon mountains, soon the light-wing'd morn
Will peep irradiant, and the poor fisher,
Along the Hellespont's wide beach will spread
His chequer'd nets.—Then rise ! my soul arise !
And wing thy speedy flight thro' airy realms,
To where LEANDER dwells.—Spirit belov'd !
I come !—I fly !—clasp—clasp—thy HERO !—

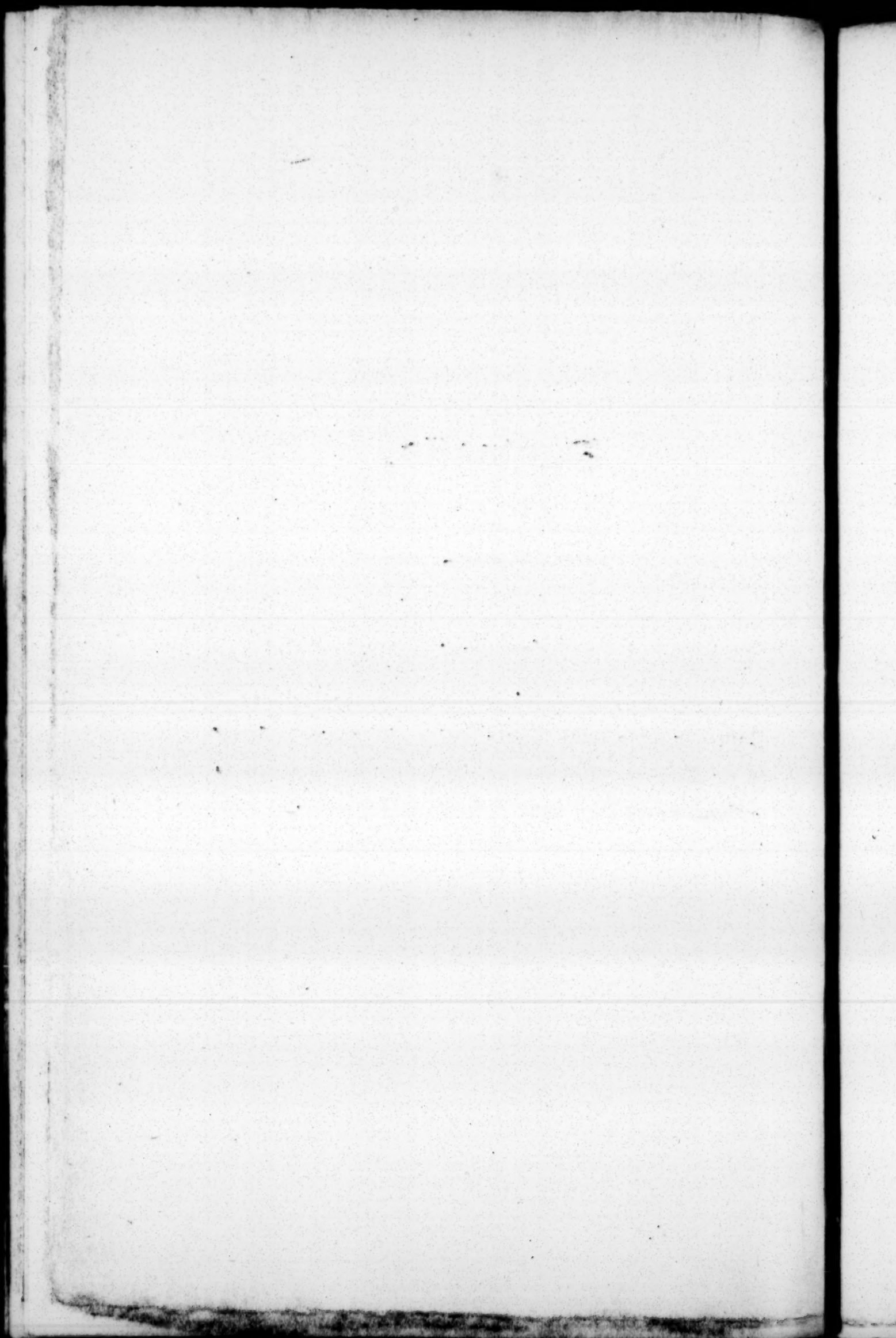
Throws herself from the tower.

Dunwallo.

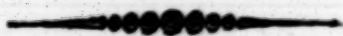


Argument.

DUNWALLO a noble Briton, seeing his country enslaved by the Romans, after an unsuccessful attempt to restore it to freedom—destroys himself on the field of battle.

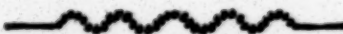


DUNWALLO.



SCENE.—*The field of battle, covered with the bodies
of the slain.*

TIME.—*The Night.*



* * * * * It is decreed.

DUNWALLO thou must fall ;—for can'st thou bear
To mark wide-floating on the unseen blast
Rome's spreading banners ? or cans't thou unmov'd
Behold the falchions of the foe died red
With British blood ? Or hear the hostile shout
Indignant bursting from the phalanx strong,
Ring thro' thy native vallies ?—No—thy old eyes

Wou'd smart with weeping, and thy noble blood
 Arous'd by generous indignation flush
 Thy wrinkled cheek.—Yes ! yes ! thy valiant soul,
 Wou'd scorn to bend beneath the hostile yoke,
 And live a slave ;—perish th' ignoble thought !
 While free,—'tis better far to seek the grave,
 Than live when liberty is gone !

Think well,

DUNWALLO of thy loss ; a tender wife
 The only solace of declining age,
 Torn from thy arms, perchance no longer breathes,
 Or breathing lives a slave.—Distracting thought !
 She never more shall cull refreshing herbs
 In the green forest, or thy milk prepare,
 When sleeps the sun ; nor on the mountain's side,
 With thick woods cover'd tend the wandering herds,

Singing sweet songs of love. Alas ! those days
 Of peace and happiness are fled away,
 And nought but misery remains.—No more
 Along the forest shall I urge my steps,
 When gleams the morn, to seek the prowling wolf,
 Or wearied hie me to my distant hut,
 When night approacheth—for nor hut have I,
 Nor wife, to cheer me with her smiles !—

But see !

Thro' clouds dark-rolling bursts the silver moon,
 With mild irradiance, and her lucent beams,
 Cast o'er the goary faces of the slain,
 Make my soul sad !—for many a long-lov'd friend,
 Sleeps unavenged on the corpse-strew'd field,
 Where plundering Romans clasp with bloody arms
 My countrymen. Ah ! how revers'd the scene !

Yon sleeping warriors beheld this morn,
 Breaking with beauty thro' the mountain mists,
 Thoughtless of death ; and to the rising sun
 Gave the broad surface of each ample shield
 Flashing irradiance—whilst harshly groan'd
 Their scythe-arm'd chariots, o'er the grassy plain
 Commingling with their spear-bells.—Then at once
 Rending the air with universal shouts
 They rush'd to battle.—O 'twas a noble fight !
 For patriot ardour glow'd in every breast,
 Fir'd the blood, and nerv'd each warrior arm,
 With double influence.—

Beloved friends !

Noble compatriots ! I lament your doom
 With heartfelt sorrow.—Sure the gods will hurl

Their death-wing'd lightnings 'gainst the plunder-
ers vile

Who leave their country, and in foreign climes,
Pour fell destruction thro' the tranquil vales,
And cause red Murder with his goary hands
To clasp the innocent!—

But I must go—

For soon the sun beams o'er yon towering hills,
Will sparkle cheerily.—The hunter then,
As o'er this plain he journies to the chase,
Will sorrow at the sight, and mark with tears,
Those warriors sleeping who so lately hurl'd,
Their javelins at the wolf.—

Come ! falchion come !

Taste thy old master's blood, in many a side

Of chieftain thou hast plung'd, and now perform
Thy duty.—Hark ! the spirits of the slain,
Borne on the clouds ætherial, invoke
My lingering soul.—Ye spirits of the blest,
Bear me to happiness.—I come !—I fly !—

Stabs himself.

Elegies.

Where some wreck'd army from the conqueror's might
Speed their disastrous flight,
With thee fierce Genius ! let me trace their way,
And hear at times the deep heart-groan
Of some poor sufferer left to die alone,
His sore wounds smarting with the winds of night ;

SOUTHEY.

THE
DYING SOLDIER.



WAR-FIEND ! to thee ! I will not raise the lay,
Or strike with ardour the resounding lyre ;
From me depart ! destructive fiend away !
Thy yells of murder, ne'er my soul inspire.

Thou lovs't to hie thee on thy blood-stain'd wing,
And spread destruction thro' the peaceful vale,
To hear aloud the shouts of battle ring,
While shrieks of thousands load the tainted gale.

Where some wreck'd army from the conqueror's might
Speed their disastrous flight,
With thee fierce Genius ! let me trace their way,
And hear at times the deep heart-groan
Of some poor sufferer left to die alone,
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And spread destruction thro' the peaceful vale,
To hear aloud the shouts of battle ring,
While shrieks of thousands load the tainted gale.

'Tis thine, curs'd desolating fiend to part,
The tender husband from the wife sincere ;
To rend with misery the feeling heart,
To draw from many an eye the woe-fraught tear.

And yet there are, who joy on high to wield,
The sword bright-gleaming, and impell'd by fame,
Will wade thro' slaughter o'er th' embattled field
To purchase honour, and a hero's name.

Array'd in sable, slow the dusky queen,
Her wings star-spangled o'er the mountains spread,
The cots were vanish'd from the village green,
And all the beauties of the landscape fled.

Long had the battle ended, for the night
Conceal'd the armies on th' empurpled plain ;

The night-crow sallied from the rock's steep height,
And flap'd her black wings o'er the warriors slain.

The shouts of victory were heard no more,
And all was silent save the midnight gales ;
When on the wild-heath ting'd with human gore,
A dying soldier thus his lot bewails.

" Parent of good ! allay each piercing smart,
" That rends with agony my mangled breast ;
" O sooth my sorrow,—ease my harrow'd heart,
" And lull thy servant to eternal rest.

" Yet wou'd I wish my cot to see again,
" And clasp my faithful MARTHA in my arms,
" In peace to whistle o'er my native plain,
" Free from the battle's tumult and alarms.

" How cold the night-wind glides the heath along,

" Where stalk'd red slaughter with blood-clotted
hair ;

" Where late contended the embattled throng,

" And the loud cannons shook the dusky air.

" This morning's sun arose with radiance bright,

" And gleam'd refulgent o'er yon towering rocks,

" On whose high summits nearly veil'd from sight,

" Mid fragrant herbage browse the mountain
flocks.

" Ten thousand warriors rais'd their arms on high,

" Reflecting bright the lustre of each ray ;

" He, saw them joyful, from the emerald sky,

" He heard them carol on their early way.

" But e'er his beams had deck'd with liquid gold,

" The dark-green surface of the western deep,

" He saw them pale,—and mark'd their bodies cold,

" Stretch'd on the wide-heath in eternal sleep.

" No more they'll carol in the elm-fring'd vale,

" Nor to bright actions of renown aspire ;

" No more they'll hearken to the merry tale,

" Diffusing pleasure round the social fire.

" For them, no more the orient sun shall beam,

" Gild the grey clouds, or animate the morn ;

" For them, no more he'll sparkle on the stream,

" Call forth the bud, or chrystallize the thorn.

" Ah ! many a matron will lament their doom,

" And many a maiden weep her lover dead ;

" Yet not for them is rear'd the simple tomb,

" To tell the trav'ler where the warriors bled !

" Why did I leave the hamlet on the hill ?

" Where once I dwelt devoid of every care ;

" For it was peaceful,—pleasant the wild rill,

" That broke with tinkling murmurs on the ear.

" The fragrant suckling lov'd my cottage well,

" The sweet-pea often round its door wou'd twine;

" And there the jess'mine learnt in peace to dwell,

" Its white flow'rs mingling with the purple vine.

" If e'er the trav'ler sought our little cot,

" When the rough tempest o'er the forest roar'd,

" The ale went round,—we bless'd our humble lot,

" And made him welcome to our homely board.

“ When gleam’d the morn I plough’d my grandsire’s
land,

“ The linnet’s wild-notes mingled with my song ;

“ Mild peace went with me, and contentment bland,

“ Sooth’d my gay bosom as I trudg’d along.

“ Then what mild transports swell’d my careless
heart,

“ When dimly curling mid the shadowing trees,

“ I mark’d the grey-smoke, from my cot depart,

“ And tinge the surface of the evening breeze.

“ Oft-times my father feeble, old, and poor,

“ Wou’d love to hearken to my MARTHA’S lay ;

“ And blithely seated round our hamlet door,

“ We crown’d with harmles mirth the toil of day.

“ Thus pass’d my life in happiness and rest,
“ Gay was each morning, and each eve serene ;
“ Till love of glory fir’d my youthful breast,
“ And soon I hied me from my native green.

“ Ah ! now doth mem’ry with her mystic power,
“ Paint in bright hues, the scenes of pleasure gone ;
“ Pourtrays the spire, each cot, and shady bower,
“ That deck’d the village or the neighb’ring lawn.

“ But I no more the well-known scenes shall mark,
“ Nor gaily wander in my native vales ;
“ For me, no more shall sing the mounting lark,
“ Nor the pale primrose scent the morning gales.

“ Ah ! me, how heavy fall the dews of night,
“ The bleak wind whistles round my aching head ;

" The moon arising peeps with silvery light,
" Then veils her face and sorrows for the dead !

" Parent of good ! allay each piercing smart,
" That rends with agony my mangled breast ;
" O sooth my sorrow, ease my harrow'd heart,
" And lull thy servant to eternal rest."

No more he spake, the All-just, heard his prayer,
And call'd the sufferer to the realms above ;
His towering spirit cleft the midnight air,
To rest in mansions of cælestial love.

ELEGY, II.

Written on the banks of the WEAR, near DURHAM.

Time—Evening.

NOT now the sun with emanating beam,
Bursts thro' the clouds, or burnishes the spire,
Not now, his bright rays flash along the stream,
Nor tip the mountain with effulgent fire.

But o'er the plain the mists of evening float,
Veil the streak'd rock, and deepen o'er the hill ;
The skylark soaring pours her latest note,
And the dark swallow flutters o'er the rill.

To me more lovely are yon mists below,
 In grey-sheets winding o'er the varied lawn,
 Than the day's splendor, or the fulgent glow,
 That paints with purple hues the orient dawn.

An oak time-shatter'd, flings its branches wide,
 From the tall rock, inclining o'er my head,
 That frowns majestic o'er the WEAR's smooth tide,
 And strikes my breast with momentary dread.

Yet here, 'tis pleasant, free from noisy mirth,
 The works of all-creating God to scan;
 Whilst CONTEMPLATION hails RELIGION's birth,
 And scoffs the folly of presumptuous man.

ATHEISTS! ye mighty insects of an hour,
 Say who conducts the harmony above?

Vain boasters ! tell me what superior power
Creates the beauties of the waving grove ?

What power first form'd the wide expanse on high,
And taught each planet in its course to roll ?
Who caus'd the sun to animate the sky,
Who wings the lightning's blaze from pole to pole ?

But mark ! the shades of evening deeper grow,
Scarce can the eye discern the placid WEAR,
Serenely gliding o'er the sand below,
While the harsh mill-wheel breaks upon mine ear.

Screen'd from the blast beneath the oak's broad shade,
The meek-ey'd lily casts its fragrance round ;
The wild-rose *here* in silken vest array'd,
Bends its fair blossoms o'er the dew-ting'd ground.

Mine eye delights to view yon elm-trees dark,
 Shade the smooth surface of the drowsy WEAR,
 And mid the ambient gloom, scarce seen, I mark
 Yon tower* time-blacken'd cut the dusky air.

Sweet! are the varied scenes that catch the sight,
 In Nature's fascinating beauties drest;
 Such scenes expand my bosom with delight,
 Such scenes with rapture fill my youthful breast.

But now adieu ye woods! sweet stream farewell!
 For night's black shadows veil ye from mine eye,
 And the grave numbers of yon deep-ton'd bell,
 Bid me retire,—while for you I sigh!

* Durham Cathedral.

Miscellantes.

Small illustration

FUNEREAL HYMN
OF
THE MADAGASCAR NEGROES.



VOORHAMO ! whither say,
Is thy spirit flown away ?
Mounts it on the eagle's wing,
To where, the MALARINGHEA sing
Songs of praise, and hymns of love,
To the good ZANHAR above,
Where TAIVADY spirit foul,
Roars not with portentous howl,
Never with infected breath,
Scatters plagues, disease, and death,

Nor borne upon the troubled air,
 Blasts the fruits and horracks fair.
 Soarest thou on eagle's wing,
 To where the Malaringhea sing?

Riding thro' the unseen air,
 Lucid spirit! grant our prayer,
 Let us spend in peace each hour,
 Fearless of the BILI's power,
 Keep us from the mard'ring foe,
 Keep us, from all harm below,
 Spirit pure! Spirit bright!
 Let us hurl the spear with might;
 Spirit! free from grief, and care,
 Grant, O grant our fervent prayer.
 —Then beneath the Voulou-tree,
 We will sit and sing to thee.

For now thou soar'st on eagle's wing
To where the Malaringhea sing !

VOORHAMO ! Spirit bright !
Mounting to the realms of light,
Why leavest thou Amboula's vale,
Where full oft the cooling gale,
Murm'ring 'mid the Voulou-tree,
Play'd around thee wild and free,
Where 'twas thine full oft to lave,
In the sparkling Samu's wave.
—But no more the Voulou-tree,
With its leaves shall shadow thee,
—No more in the Samu fair,
Shalt thou wet thy jetty hair.
For thou soar'st on eagle's wing
To where the Malaringhea sing !

Spirit ! on thy lucent way,
 Stop and hearken to our lay,
 Tell us as thou cleav'st the air,
 Were thy wives discreet and fair ?
 Did thy children love thee well,
 Say did hap'ness with thee dwell ?
 Say were gold, and silver thine,
 Cattle fat, and luscious wine,
 Yams*, bananas, horracs great ?
 If so—happy was thy state ;
 If they were, O Spirit say,
 Why did'st thou e'er wing thy way ?
 Why soarest thou on eagle's wing
 To where the Malaringhea sing ?

Maidens gentle ! Maidens fair !
 Now the mazy dance prepare.

* Fruits, &c.

Strike the Vanle* loud and bold,
Maidens shake your chains of gold.
Play the Herrasovou* strong,
And pour forth the heroe's song.
Warriors of the scowling brow,
Hurl the lance, and bend the bow,
Warriors ! o'er th' extended field,
Zagays sharp and javelin wield.
Zanhar ! take the spirit bright,
To the realms of endless light,
For now it soars on eagle's wing
To where the Malaringhea sing !

* Musical Instruments.

ODE
TO
A SHOWER OF RAIN.



THE grey-clouds hover o'er the misty heights,
Of yon hills towering to the heaven's expanse,—
Whilst rays of orient light,
Dart thro' the dusky space.

Anon ! the potent lustre of the sun,
Gilds the horizon with prolific gold,
And streaks of vivid blue,
Melt in the misty shades.

But mark !—the sun recalls his cheering beams,
While dark clouds rolling thro' the sultry sphere,
 Their deep'ning powers combine,
 To veil the blue serene.

Mild Spirit of the Shower, I behold,
Thy dim form breaking thro' the ambient mists,
 With moisture-dripping wings,
 And crown of spangling dew.

Re-animation decks one fruitful hand,
The other sweet fertility contains,
 Their bounties scattering wide,
 O'er mountain, wood, and vale !

And swiftly spring beneath thy mollient fleet,
The freshest verdure and wild florets fair,

While on the morning breeze,
Perfumes ambrosial float.

The dark-woods waving, bow their varied heads,
Gladsome and gay beneath thy influence mild,
And from each grateful tree,
The tender scyon springs.

Now from their nests, amid the forest's gloom,
The timid warblers pour their wood-notes clear,
And sing in varying strains,
Their gratitude to thee.

The gay Laburnum waves its golden locks,
Adorn'd with spangles of creating dew.
The Elm, the Poplar tall,
And purple Lilac smile.

The chequer'd Suckling bends her grateful head,
And breathes a fresher fragrance on the air,

The Jess'mine, and the Rose

Now scatter odours round.

The fields beneath thy influence bring to view,
The sweetest beauties of the vernal spring,

And summer's roseate cheek,

Loves well, thy humid kiss.

To me 'tis pleasant in the shadowing dell,
To hear thee pattering o'er the green-rob'd trees,

Whilst thy emollient breath

Sweetens the sultry air.

How fragrant then the new-mown hay's perfume,
How sweet the odour of the purple thyme?

Then strikes the tender nerve,
And wantons thro' the vale.

Then Ceres loves to wave in golden pride,
Her yellow ringlets o'er the moistned plain,
And fair Pomona decks
The trees with clust'ring fruit.

But mark ! the dusky clouds disperse,—the sun
Pours o'er the fields his animating beams,
The rain-drops sparkle on the thorn,
The woods—the hills—rejoice !

Then fits it Man, to pour the fervent prayer
Of heart-felt gratitude, and bless his God,
For bounties sent to earth,
For happiness in heaven !

THE STRANGER.

A ROMANCE.



'Twas strange that the Earl shou'd so soon lose his
way,

As he hied thro' the wood of Ardoes,
In the chace from the hunters he'd gone far astray,
Fatigu'd with the toil and the sport of the day,
His body had need of repose.

Now swift thro' the forest he urges his steed,
For night cast her mantle around,
To Rosingdale Castle he journies with speed,
Tho' torn by the brambles his courser's feet bled,
And ting'd with their blood the green ground.

From dark clouds emerging, the pale Queen of night,
 Shot her rays o'er the forest so drear,
 When Rosingdale's turrets appear'd full in sight,
 At distance reflecting the moon's silver light,
 And banish'd at once the Earl's fear.

Now onward he hastens, when lo ! by his side,
 A Stranger on horseback he spies,
 Sir Knight, quoth the Stranger, this forest is wide,
 And haply ere long you may lack a true guide,
 —Here is one who all danger defies.

I thank thee, Sir Stranger, but by the moon's ray,
 Which bursts thro' the gloom of the night,
 To Rosingdale's hall I shall soon find my way,
 Tho' long thro' this forest I wander'd astray,
 Er'e yon turrets did gladden my sight.

Yonder turrets belong to the Abbey of Wear,
Which is far from the castle, Sir Knight,
Then turn thee with me for my castle is near,
Where malmsey bright sparkling thy bosom shall
cheer,
And fill thee with joy and delight.

The Earl is well pleas'd, and they turn their steeds
round,
And swift thro' the thick forest ride,
When they hear loud behind them, a hollow bell
sound,
Then swifter and swifter they haste o'er the ground,
And as fast as dim spirits they glide.

When soon, an old castle appears to their view,
O'er which the moon cast her pale beams,

And as to the draw-bridge the nearer they drew,
More bleak and sill louder the hollow-wind blew,
—No longer the moon faintly gleams.

They pass o'er the bridge, and the castle soon gain,
And swift from their coursers alight,
A deep-vault they enter, when in this rough strain,
Spake the Stranger, Sir Earl, never dare to complain,
Tho' no more wilt thou see the sun bright.

Anon 'mid the darkness, and vault's dusky gloom,
A blue flame arose from the ground,
Peals of thunder loud rattled, and from an old tomb,
Vivid lightnings sulphureous, flash'd thro' the room,
And cast a pale glimmer around.

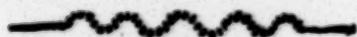
Again spake the Stranger, for love of my gold,
Thou did'st starve me, Sir Earl, in this room,
Thy nephew, Sir Osmond, curs'd traitor behold,
Long, long, in his riches and wealth have you roll'd,
—But now is arrived your sad doom.

His armour fell from him,—he gave a deep groan,
Then oh God! what a horrible sight!
His arm was near eaten away to the bone,
His flesh blue and livid fell off—and alone,
Remained a Skeleton Knight.

Then clasping the Earl with his white rattling bones,
Together they sunk in the tomb,
The vault loudly echo'd with horrible groans,
The thunder's loud peals shook again the old stones,
And blue lightnings flash'd thro' the room.

Not now will the peasant near yonder walls stray,
When evening conceals the green vale,
And when e'er by chance the poor trav'ler this way,
Doth journey at morn, or at close of the day,
Horrid shrieks ever swell on the gale.

IRREGULAR HYMN,
OF THE
PERSIAN MAGI TO OROSMASDES,
THE ANGEL OF LIGHT.



GREAT Orosmasdes ! 'tis to thee we raise,
The choral Pæan, and the Hymn of Praise,
Angel of Light, great God of Day,
From whom proceedeth sempiternal power,
To thee we raise the sacred lay,
And hymn thy glory each revolving hour.
Immortal Spirit ! source of good !
'Twas thine the globe terrestrial to form,
To rear the flow'rets in the shadowing wood,

Hurl the red lightning, and command the storm,
What time black spirits thro' the æther sail,
And Arimanius, vindictive spright,
Conceals from mortals with his ebon veil,
The temple's lofty spire,
Then with azure fire
Beam thro' the pitchy clouds thy gems of light.
They o'er the chasm shine,
And guide the trav'ler on his lonely way,
Anon ! and Mithra with his rays divine,
Gleams with refulgence o'er the rising day.
'Tis thine, with all-prolific power,
To paint the mead with vernal hue,
To deck the budding flower,
With sparkling gems of silver dew.
To bid the eagle thro' the air to soar,
And gaily wanton in the clear serene ;

'Twas thine, to form the beauties of this orb terrene.

And teach the winds in hollow notes to roar,

Angel of heavenly light !

Thy power immortal we invoke,

Lead us, bless'd Spirit, to thy regions bright,

For thee,—our altars shall for ever smoke.

Shour thy blessings on great Persia's land,

Exalt to realms of bliss its favour'd King,

Each then to thee, shall raise the thankful hand,

And solemn pæans to thy Spirit sing.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A

SUMMER-HOUSE.



STRANGER ! full well thou knowest that the world
Is full of trouble ; and its busy scenes,
Awake no thoughts of happiness in him
Delighting in retirement.—HERE the soul,
Lull'd by the tranquil placidness around,
May find repose, and sooth'd by genial peace,
Look up to God ! nor buzzing hum of trade,
Disturbs the sweet serenity that reigns,
Nor the rude shouts of revelry and mirth,
Speaking " the vacant mind." Here thou may'st rest

Free from the sun-beams, and expand thy mind
With knowledge. When the shades of eve
With grey hues deep'ning, dim the village church,
Here thou may'st pause—and hearken the rude song
Of cow-boy hast'ning from the distant field,
Or the sweet music of the jetty bird,
Warbling her wild-notes to the fading sun.
Haply the tinkling of some sheep-cote bell,
Or shepherd whistling o'er the neighb'ring heath
Will break upon thine ear. Yet thou may'st rest
Free from the bickerings of care-ting'd life,
And whilst surveying NATURE's beauteous charms
Trace HIM—the all-creating GOD, and bless
The mighty RULER of all things below !

IRVIN.



Low beneath yon cypress' gloom,
Sleeps young IRVIN void of care ;
Florets wild adorn his tomb,
Scenting sweet the vernal air.

It was his to wield the lance,
Bend the bow, and curb the steed :
His, to mingle in the dance,
His, to tune the warbling reed.

He that sleeps beneath yon shade,
Oft hath heard the battle's roar,

By RODOLPHO low he's laid,
And shall couch the spear no more.

Him no more the sun shall greet,
Gleaming o'er the spangled thorn ;
Nor ever more the wild-roë fleet,
Startle at his sounding horn.

Oft he pierc'd the bristled boar,
Rushing swift the woods along ;
But yon waving groves no more,
Echo with his rural song.

When softly blows the evening gale,
Skimming o'er the dusky wave,
Him the maidens oft bewail,
Chanting o'er his early grave.

Wand'ring near the dimpled brook,
Oft the shepherd passing by,
Pauses on his sylvan crook,
Drops a tear, and heaves a sigh!

Low beneath yon cypress' gloom,
Sleeps young IRVIN void of care;
Florets wild adorn his tomb,
Scenting sweet the vernal air.

TO THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

MOST pleasant warble thy wild-flowing notes,
Sweet simple instrument!—Oh! I cou'd pause
Beneath some thick-wove canopy of elms,
To hear thy music, e'en from morn,—till night
Shou'd spread her thickest veil. Ah then 'tis sweet,
To hear thy soft-sighs melancholly breathe,
As the wild zephyr flutters o'er thy strings,
On silken pinions.—

Hark now a pensive lay,
That wakes the soul to sympathy, and love,
Steals on my watchful ear.—It dies away,—

In soft faint murmurs ;—now again 'tis high !
 And swelling loud and louder, in bold notes,
 Peals forth the anthem, or the choral song,
 Of steel-clad heroes. Now so sweet the sounds,
 That fancy thinks no mortal touch cou'd make,
 Such harmony divine,—but deems they flow,
 From the full choir of cælestial harps,
 Attun'd by Seraphs in the realms of love,
 To praise their Maker.—

Ah were it mine to dwell
 Far, far retir'd from the busy throng
 In vine-clad cottage ; or at morn, or eve,
 Thy murmurs mingling with the moss-fring'd brook,
 Shou'd lull my soul to happiness and peace.

MATILDA.



* * * * * I HAVE sigh'd
O'er thy cold grave, MATILDA; and my tears
Refresh'd the wild-flowers blooming, where alas!
Thou sleep'st in silence.—*Once* to thee were known
The joys that make life happy;—and thy cheek
Was fresher than the rose.—MATILDA! *once*
Thy song melodious, swell'd the mollient breeze
When peace dwelt with thee in our vale. Alas!
Why didst thou leave the cottage of content,
To sojourn with the worldlings?—they ne'er weep
For others woes, nor heave the heart-felt sigh,
At tales of misery.—Money-getting men
Feel not for the wretched!

May HE ne'er know

The joys that spring from happiness and love,
Who rob'd thee of thy innocence,—whose tongue
Spoke fairly whilst his heart meant ill.—Poor Girl!
Thou couldst not live to hear the voice of scandal
Make busy with thy name,—thou couldst not bear
To see the finger pointed at thy form
By self-approving ones.—The rose forsook
Thy cheek, and in its place the lily bloom'd.—
Dim was thine eye, and soon the tyrant Death
Clasp'd thee, MATILDA, with his icy arms.
Peace to thy gentle spirit!

THE MANIAC.



IN our village once poor BARBARA dwelt,
A maiden fair she was, and WILLIAM lov'd
And married her;—but soon the din of war
Urg'd him from home, to where the fever rag'd
And soon he died!—Poor BARBARA heard the tale,
And reason fled her never to return!
We all did love this maiden, and were sad
To see each passing day her tender form
By sorrow wasting; oft her pearly eye
Wou'd she cast Heaven-ward, and mark the clouds

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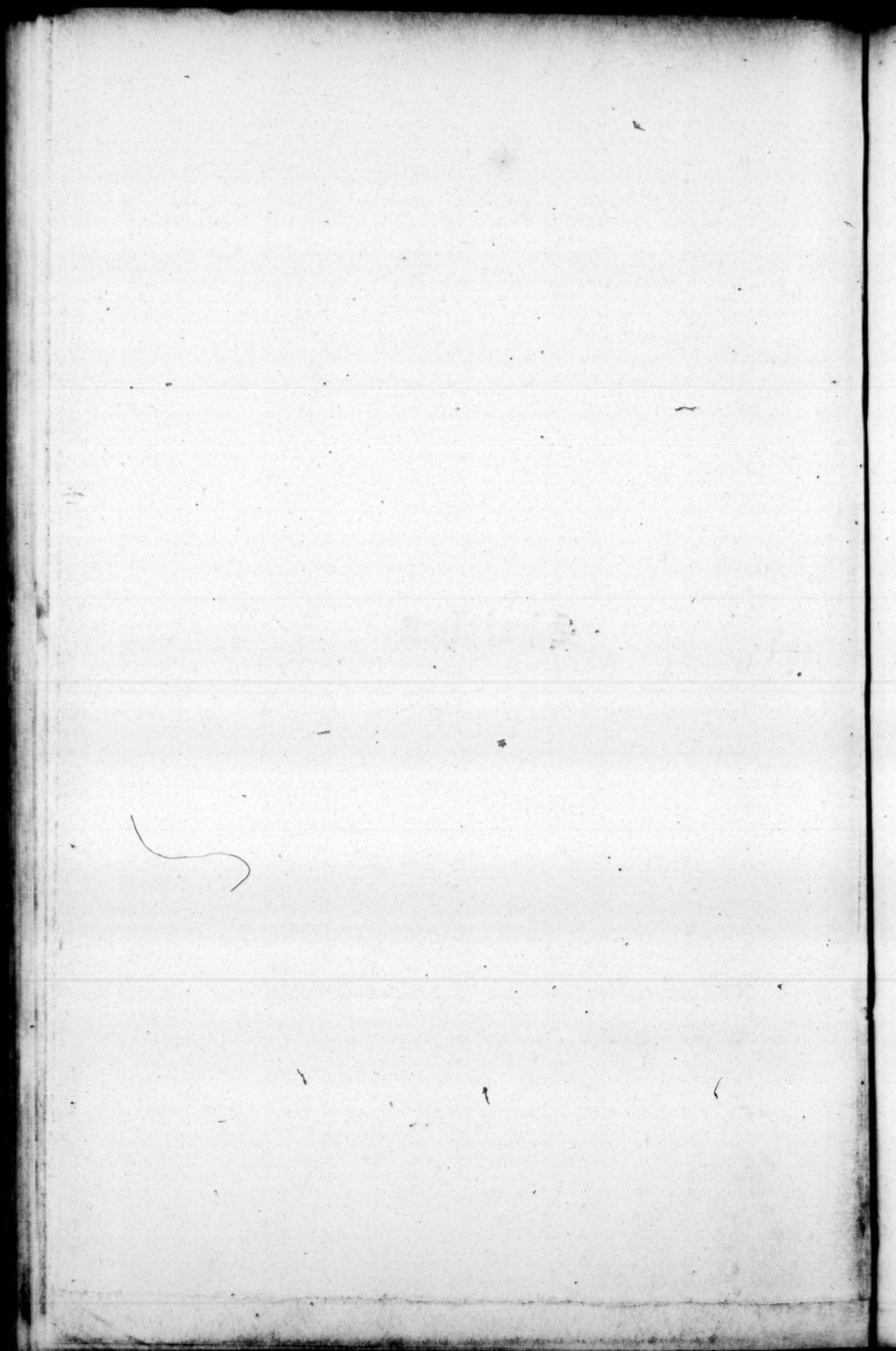
With strange composure, as they roll'd along,
High o'er her head ;—then start !—and sing of one
A love-craz'd maid, who in the village died,
Weaving rush garlands ;—then a sickly smile,
Gleam'd on her pallid face, where once the rose
Blossom'd most sweetly,—and her hollow eye
Once like the vi'let, clad with morning dew,
Gaz'd wildly round, whilst from the deep-sunk orb
Roll'd many a tear.—And when the shades of night
Screen'd the rich landscape, she wou'd leave her cot
To seek the church-yard, where amid the graves
She wander'd wretchedly, and with the dead,
Wou'd hold strange converse ; even if the storm,
Rag'd furiously around. For she nor fear'd
The chilling dews of night, nor the cold blast
That shook the windows.—

Thus she wander'd oft,—
 'Til from the east the renovated sun
 Burst forth with radiance,—and the woodman oft
 Beheld her sitting on some thorn-bound grave,
 As he went forth to labour.—She appear'd
 Sometimes absorb'd in contemplation deep,
 Her pale cheek resting on her dew-chill'd hand,
 And eyes uplifted ;—other times, she hum'd
 Her wonted ditty,—then most wildly talk'd
 Of war, and all its horrors.—

But not long,
 Poor BARBARA wander'd in the dank church-yard,
 For one cold morn a peasant found her stretch'd
 On the damp surface of the dewy grass,
 Pale, chill, and lifeless ! and her snow-white arms
 Clasp'd round a mossy grave !—The trav'ler now

Beneath the yew-tree marks her lowly stone,
And as he hears poor BARBARA'S simple tale,
Sighs for her misery, and laments her doom !

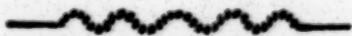
Sketches.



SKETCH 1.

SCENE.—*In Lynn Channel.*

TIME.—*Noon.*



LYNN! as thy spires vanish from mine eye,
Wild Fancy traces mid thy dim-seen trees,
The childhood haunts of many a peaceful day,
And retrospection paints in vivid hues,
Past scenes of happiness.—

As o'er the waves
Glides our tall bark, 'tis pleasant to behold
The sun-beams sporting on the silvery plain
With flashing lustre, and to mark the seamew,

Or sweeping swiftly o'er the curling wave,
 Or on white pinions cut the quivering breeze,
 Screaming aloud.

O'er every well-known scene,
 Mine eye delights to glance,—and catch the smoke,
 Ascending dimly from the distant town,
 To mingle with the clouds, or mark the shore,
 Bedeck'd with many a wood, or lonely cot,
 Melt from my ardent gaze.—REFLEY! thy trees,
 Array'd in mantle of the deepest green,
 Far from mine eye recedes;—onward we glide,
 Past many a meadow sprinkled o'er with sheep,
 Or wanton cattle.—Soon thy ancient town,
 O humbled RISING! meets our roving sight,
 And we can mark, perch'd on the scarce-seen hill,
 Thy time-worn castle. Now ye melt away,

And SNETTISHAM's tapering spire loves well to shew
The golden lustre of the noon-tide beam.

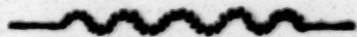
Meanwhile full many a wood, or deep'ning dale,
Proud towering mansion, waving fields of corn,
And smiling plains, arrayed in brightest green,
The landscape intersect ;—Til HUNS'RON cliffs
We trace, high-frowning o'er the froth-fring'd waves
That cave their whitened bases ;—on the summit,
Is rais'd a lofty dome, where oft appears
A friendly light, whose steady-burning blaze,
Directs the seaman o'er the foaming waters,
When roars the tempest, and the shades of night,
Darken the tossing waves.—But now the cliffs
Fly from our view,—the dusky sails expand,
Fill'd by the influence of the Southern gale ;
And the tall vessel feels the fluttering breeze,
Urge her fleet passage o'er the broad expanse.

Anon, the distant shore, the landscape's varied hues,
Woods, vallies, hills, and corn-gilt fields recede,
'Till all commingling, form one dusky cloud,
And their mild beauties vanish from the eye.

SKETCH II.

SCENE.—*At Sea.*

TIME.—*Evening.*



FAR as the eye can trace, a sombre hue,
That seems to mingle with the distant clouds,
Darkens the surface of the placid deep,
Full many a league ;—the seamen know it well ;
And with fantastic whistling from the deck,
Invite the coming breeze. It speeds along,
And near, and nearer now, on fluttering wings,
Hastes o'er the intervening space.—Anon,
It wantons 'mid the shrouds, and wildly sings
Most grateful music to the seaman's ear,

Shakes the slack cordage, and with friendly breath,
Expands the bellying sails.—

Not now the sun,
Pours his bright glory o'er the wide expanse,
Nor glistens on the wave.—Not now the birds
Skim the green sea, or dive amidst the surge,
But hasten to the shore; for swiftly fall
O'er the rough surface of the moaning deep,
Eve's lingering shadows, and whilst falling, veil
The ambient views.—

It is not pleasant now,
To feel the light gale's quivering pennons brush
O'er the cool cheek, or wave the dew-bath'd hair;
For from the sea, the briny damps arise,
And on the æther floating, fling around

Such chilling coolness as doth shake the frame,
And make the soul most pensive.

Now the mists

Hide the far shore, and dim the prospect round,
Nor can the eye well trace the distant bark,
With sails dark swelling, nor the high church spire,
Tall cliffs steep-towering, nor the village smoke
In columns winding o'er the upland lawn.
For deep, and deeper grow the falling shades,
The clouds assume a blacker dye, and soon
Will night and silence reign o'er all around.

SKETCH III.

SCENE.—*Off Flamboro' Head,*

TIME.—*Sun rise.*



AGAIN the sun with procreating ray,
Breaks thro' the clouds, and mountain-crowning
mists,
To warm the morning air, and on the deep,
To form his transient diamonds.

How mine eye
With high-soul'd rapture views thy lofty cliffs
Proud FLAMBORO' ! how pleas'd it wanders o'er
Thy rocks stupendous, and surveys with dread,

Thy grass-crown'd summit, where the bleating flocks
 In harmless pleasures spend their sportive days,
 And snuff the billow-wafted breeze.—

I gaze,

With admiration on thy chequer'd sides,
 Inlaid with many a narrow seam of chalk,
 Black, white, and purple ; and delight to mark,
 The foam-crown'd billow wash thy sea-worn base,
 Making deep cavities ; whilst round us scream
 The dusky Willocks, as they glide along
 The green wave buoyant, or their plumage steep,
 Where flows the water deepest.—

Now beneath,

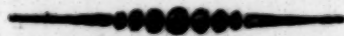
The high rocks frowning, goes the fisher forth,
 And to the buxom gale full gladsome gives,

His whiten'd sail;—mean-while we cleave the water,
And bounding o'er the billows, leave behind,
Thy rocks proud FLAMBOR o' and thy sheep-crown'd
heights !

SKETCH IV.

SCENE.—*Village of Warkworth, Northumberland.*

TIME.—*Morning.*



WARKWORTH! there was a time when in this castle,
High revelry was held, and hoary bards,
With sweetest minstrelsy, and warlike song,
Made the tall turrets ring;—when ladies fair,
Or mingled in the dance with courtly knights,
Or at the tourney for the victor hero,
Held the rich scarf.—WARKWORTH! there was a
time,

When from this castle mailed warriors march'd,
Deeds of high enterprize, and fame t' achieve;

When in the dungeons languish'd many a chief,
Of Scottish birth.—

WARKWORTH that time is past !

Nor feasting glads thy desolated hall,
Nor song of minstrel thro' thy turrets ring ;
No PERCY high-soul'd chief doth now as erst,
Lead the light dance, or hurl the hissing falchion,
At the helm'd laird :—The cooling sea-breeze now,
Waves the dark ivy on thy time-split walls,
And many a night-bird chants her dismal lay,
Where once loud harpings echo'd !

From this hill,

Most pleasant is it to behold the ships,
With sails inflated cut the swelling wave ;
Or sideways glancing mark the Cocquet wind

Its trout-lov'd waters thro' yon woody dell,
 Where erst a solitary hermit dwelt,
 And spent his days in penitence.—A rock,
 That o'er the margin of the river frowns,
 Cav'd by laborious toil, was once to him
 A dwelling-place ; there cou'd he sit and watch
 The mazy current glide, whilst from the banks,
 The bending branches sip'd the silvery stream,
 And many a flower that o'er the ripples wav'd,
 Lent their fresh fragrance to the breeze.—Alas !
 Not now the hermit marks the dimpled stream,
 Not now he wanders thro' the flowery vale,
 Nor in the chapel o'er the time-eat tomb,
 Sighs o'er his early love !

WARKWORTH adieu !

Adieu ye woodland scenes, ye towering hills,

Wild-flowing streams, and deep sunk dells adieu !
I never more shall trace thy woody lawns,
I never more shall wander o'er thy fields,
Nor catch the sea-breeze lingering on thy shore.

SKETCH V.

SCENE.—*Near Witherington, Northumberland.*

TIME.—*Evening.*



O WHAT wild beauties to detain the eye
With pleasure, O what delightful scenes
Break on the view, and swell the raptur'd soul,
With feelings inexpressible.

How dark,
Yon spreading forest flings his leafy arms,
O'er the dim plain, where wanders many a brook,
And where the cottage of contentment seems,
To woo the passing stranger.—O'er my head,

Empurpled clouds with golden lustre fring'd,
Majestically roll, whilst sheets of mist,
Curl o'er the distant Cheviot's gloomy sides,
Whose towering tops far as the eye can trace,
Appear to mingle with the dusky clouds,
And fill the breast with awe ; mean-while the sun,
Behind the mountain only sinks, to hail
The orient morning with superior light.
Thus 'tis with him, who lives a goodly life,
Who with his bounty checks the orphan's tear ;
He, like the sun, performs his stated course,
Shedding around his influence benign,
Then in the grave he only sinks,—to rise
With brighter radiance in the world to come.

Notes.

till the inhabitants of Lynn besieged one of the Earls, and obliged him to release his right to them, and swear never to attempt, gaining a recovery of his former privileges.

The Castle is of gothic structure, and encompassed with a large circular ditch, and bank of earth, on which formerly stood a strong stone wall. The ditch is at present dry, but probably was formerly filled with water.

It may very reasonably be supposed, that the apartments of the Castle were grand, and sumptuous, as it appears from ancient records, to have been frequently honoured with royal visits. But alas! old TIME, feasts as voraciously upon the palaces of Kings, as on the mud-built cottage of the Peasant! With insatiate appetite he has been banqueting at Rising, and left nothing but a few mouldering fragments. So little avails the vanity of man; so little avail the gorgeous trappings of all sublunary grandeur!

Page 19,—Line 1.

Nor undelightful is it here to mark,

The eminence upon which the Castle stands, commands an extensive view of the adjacent country, which is pleasingly intersected with wood and vale ; and on one side, an arm of the sea, over which vessels are continually sailing, diversifies the scenery, and adds much to the beauty of the landscape.

Same Page,—Line 13.

Where *now* in peace the lowing cattle feed,

Historians have supposed the present inconsiderable village, to have been formerly a Sea-port, and place of considerable traffic ; and a lane which leads from the marshes to the town, called HAVEN-GATE lane, where a piece of an anchor was some years ago dug up, may fairly be considered as a confirmation of their opinions.

Page 22,—Line 13.

FANCY portrays the long-extended hall,

When viewing the mouldering remnants of ancestral dignity, a pleasing melancholy generally steals upon the mind as we reflect upon the instability of human happiness, and our ideas naturally revert to the scenes of former days. Then will deluding FANCY portray to the imagination, in her most vivid colours, the amusements of our ancestors, and we behold the desolated hall adorned with resplendent armour, and think we hear the joyful shouts of revelry and mirth.

Page 23,—Line 5.

I mark the jazuant and the pavache strong,

The Jazuant, &c. were pieces of defensive armour, and according to Grose, generally used in the time of Edward the Third: they were commonly formed of a number of small laminæ of metal, laid one over the other. The Pavache was a large shield, capable

of covering a man from head to foot, and was much used in sieges. The Mace, according to the same author, was formerly used by the cavalry of all nations, and made of iron; and the Greeves were a kind of iron boots for the protection of the legs.

Page 23,—Line 1.

“Bright o’er the mountains rose the new-born day,

The tale is not founded upon any legendary reports, but is only a fiction, and supposed to be sung by the Minstrel, as was formerly the custom at feasts, &c.

Page 32,—Line 3.

Here once a Queen deplor’d her luckless doom,

In the year 1330, after the death of Mortimer, Isabel, Queen of Edward the Second, was confined by her son Edward the Third, in Rising Castle, where she resided during the remainder of her life, which was no less than 28 years; for she died August the

22d. 1358, and was buried in the Grey Friar's church in London.

Page 33,—Line 9.

Here once a Monarch with his courtly train,

Edward the Third with his Queen, &c. in the 14th. year of his reign, paid the Queen Mother a visit at this Castle; and it appears, that Isabel previously to his coming, sent her precept to John de Cokesford, Mayor of Lynn, to send her eight carpenters, in order to make preparations for the arrival of the King. Several of his letters to Avignon, to the Pope, &c. were dated from this Castle; from which it may be supposed he made several visits to Rising.

DUNWALLO.—MONODRAMA,

Page 56,—Line 6.

Their scythe-arm'd chariots, o'er the grassy plain

The ancient British warriors, had Scythes fastened to the sides of their chariots, which upon being drove amidst the enemy, mowed them down in great numbers, and created much confusion. They had likewise Bells affixed to the ends of their spears, which with hideous yells they shook violently, when commencing the battle, supposing that the noise would intimidate their enemies.

Vid. Howel's Hist. of Eng.

HYMN OF THE MADEGASCAR NEGROES.

Page 77,—Line 4.

To where the Malaringhea sing

The MALARINGHEA, are according to the theology of the Madegascar Negroes, superior angels, or im-

mediate servants of ZANHAR, whom they deem the author of all good.

Same Page,—Line 7.

Where TAIVADY spirit foul,

The spirit of evil, the Negroes have named Taivady, and they imagine, that from him proceed death, diseases, and the destruction of their fruits, and hor-racks or fields of rice.

• Page 78,—Line 18.

Fearless of the BILI's power,

The Bili are spirits of evil, and their propensity to do mischief is greatly dreaded by the negroes.

Same page,—Line 25.

Then beneath the voulou-tree,

The Voulou-tree, is remarkable for its height, and the beautiful uniformity of its branches, and sup-

plies the negroes with several articles of furniture.
&c.

Page 80,—Line 46.

Were thy wives discreet and fair,

At a funeral, they demand of the corpse, why he
left them, whether he had not beautiful wives, obe-
dient children, &c.

Same page,—Line 58.

Now the mazy dance prepare,

After addressing the Spirit for sometime, the women
dance, and play upon musical instruments, whilst
the men perform martial exercises, &c. after which,
the body is deposited in the earth, with a large por-
tion of rice, tobacco, &c. for the *accommodation of the*
defunct.

Vid. Miller's Geography.

HYMN OF THE PERSIAN MAGI. .

Page 93,—Line 3.

Angel of light, great God of Day,

The Persians supposed (according to the precepts of Zoroaster) that there were two PRINCIPALS or Governors of the universe,—the one they called Orosmades, or the good God, whom they worshipped by fire, looking upon it as the truest symbol of HIM, on account of its brightness; and the other they called Arimanius, or the bad God. They maintained, there was a continual struggle between them, which would last to the end of the world, when, the Angel of Goodness, and his Diciples, would enjoy eternal light, and Arimanius, or the evil Angel, and his Diciples, would be punished with everlasting darkness.

SKETCH III.

Page 119,—Line 9.

The dusky Willocks, as they glide along

The Willocks are small birds generally seen off Flamboro' Head, which the seamen call Flamboro' Pilots, as they always swim in the deepest water.

SKETCH IV.

Page 121,—Line 1.

Warkworth ! there was a time when in this Castle

Warkworth Castle stands proudly elevated on an eminence adjoining to the south end of the town of Warkworth ; its west side overlooks the river Coquet, which, after almost surrounding it, at the distance of about a mile, empties itself into the sea. Nothing can be more magnificent and picturesque, from what part soever it is viewed ; and tho' when entire it was far from being destitute of strength,

yet its appearance does not excite the idea of one of those rugged fortresses destined solely for war, whose gloomy towers suggest to the imagination only dungeons, chains, and executions; but rather that of such an ancient hospitable mansion, as alluded to by Milton:

“Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold

“In weeds of peace high triumphs hold.”

Or, as is described in our old romances, where, in the days of chivalry, the wandering Knight, or distressed Princess, found honourable reception and entertainment, and the holy Palmer repose for his wearied limbs. It is at present in a ruinous condition, and belongs to the Duke of Northumberland, who now resides at Alnwick Castle, four miles from Warkworth.

Page 123,—Line 2.

Where erst a solitary hermit dwelt,

About a mile from the Castle, on the romantic banks of the river Coquet, is a very ancient Hermitage, excavated in a solid rock, by the labour of

man ; and according to legendary reports, was formerly inhabited by one of the Percy family.

Vid. Bishop Percy's beautiful Ballad of the
" Hermit of Warkworth."

NOTES.



RISING CASTLE —Page 13,—Line 1.

Mark ! yon old Castle on the rising hill,

THE Castle there alluded to, is called RISING CASTLE,—which stands upon an eminence on the South side of the small village of RISING, in Norfolk.—It was built after the grant of the town and lordship, by K. WILLIAM the Second, to WILLIAM DE ALBINI, his butler; and most probably was erected, by the Son of the said William de Albini, who was the first Earl of Sussex, and who died in 1176. The date of its erection, therefore, must be placed no further back than the twelfth century.

The Town itself, is of considerable antiquity, and according to Sir Henry Spelman, is so very ancient

that the royal archives give no account of it. The same learned historian, imagines it was a place of considerable note in the time of the Romans, from several Roman coins being found there, and other concurrent circumstances.

It was a place of considerable strength in King Edward the Second's time, as appears by that Prince's sending his precept to Lord Montalt, to guard well his Castle of Rising, on account of Mortimer's approach.

There were formerly on the walls, three towers, which the Lords Hunstanton, Watton, and Royden, were bound to defend, and maintain; and to support their men, they had power given them by a statute of the 3d. of Edward the First, to take provision of the circumjacent villages, paying for it within forty days. From Henry the First to the 27th. of Henry the Third, the Albini's Earls of Arundel and Sussex, held this Castle, by which tenure, they enjoyed a third part of the customs of the port of Lynn,

Ode to Knowledge.

Originally written at the Institution of a Book Society in

LYNN-REGIS.

BY A. AYTON.

THE

OF

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THE

ODE TO KNOWLEDGE.



HAIL KNOWLEDGE ! great ennobler of the mind ;
All hail, thou dear refiner of the heart !
Sublimest gift of heav'n to human kind,
'Tis thine the choicest pleasures to impart.

Sweet are thy paths, bestrew'd with many a flower,
And fraught with generous joy thy sacred flame ;
Thine the rich blessings of the social hour,
And thine the charms the rugged breast to tame.

As the thick vapours of the murky night
Recede when pierc'd by Sol's effulgent beam,

And lovely Nature ting'd with radiance bright,
Unfolds her matchless charms with grace supreme;

Ev'n so, when MENTAL SHADES the mind involve,
And Error's mists obscure fair Reason's ray,
'Tis thine, celestial KNOWLEDGE ! to dissolve
The intellectual fogs—and LIGHT display !

To pour philanthropy in every breast,
To join mankind in Friendship's bond is thine ;
To bid discordant passions sink to rest—
Such the sweet impulse of thy ray benign !

Th' instructive PAGE thy chaste delights unfold,
And charm our souls in sweetly varied lays,
'Tis there th' HISTORIC MUSE with pencil bold
Pours the deeds achiev'd in ancient days.

Of Empires vast the chequer'd fate we trace,
 And mark each cause portentous of their fall;
 Heroes and kings, a long illustrious race,
 Prostrate behold, at Death's all-potent call!

'Tis there we rove thro' HOMER's lofty strains,
 The virtue of th' ATHENIAN SAGE* admire;
 There hail the Bard† sublime of Britain's plains,
 Or glow enraptur'd with a SHAKESPEARE's fire!—

Great Nature's stores to thy pervading ken,
 In grand luxuriance all expanded lie,
 From fragile flowers that scent the lowly glen,
 To lofty oaks majestic tow'ring high.

From Alpine hills bedeck'd with living snow,
 To the dark caverns of the rocky steep;

* Socrates. † Milton.

From regions where the fervid lightnings glow,
To the dread chambers of the hoary deep.

But not the sphere of Earth's capacious plan,
Adventurous KNOWLEDGE! bounds thy daring
power,

'Tis thine, with glowing breast serene, to scan
The sparkling gems that grace the midnight hour.

Led by thine ardent ray, sublime we soar
Beyond the confines of this orb terrene,
And with a HERSCHEL's piercing gaze explore
The silent grandeurs of the starry scene.

With him we range the wide ethereal space,
And mark the Planet's vast stupendous roll;

Or burning Comet's pathless orbit trace,—

Whilst awe-struck rapture swells th' astonish'd
soul !

Hail then, bright KNOWLEDGE ! and for ever hail

That SACRED ART† by which thy blessings flow !
In distant ages may thy power prevail,
In distant climes thine heavenly ardours glow.

O may no cloister'd cell thy GIFTS confine,

No rude barbarian thy mild reign destroy,
But as the Sun, may'st thou unbounded shine,
And o'er each realm diffuse thy halcyon joy.

Thy genial influence waft from pole to pole,

Far as the breezes fly—wide as the billows roll !

† Typography.

Of burning Corners' position and the
Walled and stone right hand of the

and

Highway, right hand corner and the
The road and by which the bridge flows
In the right way the power flows
In the right corner the power flows



